THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CVII.—No. 1385

JULY 2, 1930

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

MR. BALDWIN AND THE "PRESS PEERS"—By "KIM"

THE
HOTEL LOTTI
PARIS
Reconstructed with Every Luxury.
Telegrams: "OTELOTTI, PARIS."

BOLLINGER'S CHAMPAGNE
Special Cuvée
By Appointment to H.M. KING GEORGE V.

A Great Work with a Great Object.
THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES & "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP
Over 28,000 poor boys and girls have been given a chance in life, and have been trained to become good and useful sons and daughters of the Empire.
1,100 Children always being maintained.
President:
H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, K.G.
Chairman & Treasurer: FRANCIS H. CLAYTON, Esq.
FUNDS URGENTLY NEEDED
Secretary: F. BRIAN PELLY, A.F.C.,
164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2

DINNEFORD'S
PURE FLUID
MAGNESIA

Magnesia should be *fluid!*
That is why, for over a century, Dinneford's Magnesia has held premier place. Dinneford's pure fluid Magnesia always benefits. It cannot harm the most delicate constitution, and is at all times a safe and effective laxative. Infants' stomach troubles are put right at once by a dose of Dinneford's. Solid or powdered magnesia should *on no account* be given to infants or taken by adults. You take no risks with Dinneford's Magnesia. Recommended by doctors for over a hundred years for Acidity, Heartburn, Headache, Indigestion, Flatulence, Bilious Affections, &c.
FOR FULL INSTRUCTIONS READ PAMPHLET ENCLOSED WITH EACH BOTTLE.
AVOID IMITATIONS.
Look for the name "DINNEFORD'S" on every bottle and label.
Manufactured in London for the past 100 years.
Price 1/3 and 2/6 per bottle.

Kunzle Dessert Chocolates
C. KUNZLE, LTD.,
101, REGENT ST., W.1.
Head Office and Factory: Five Ways, Birmingham
5/- PER LB.

TENNENT'S
Established 1745.
TRADE MARK
Originally Founded 1556.
BRITISH LAGER
J. & R. Tennent, Ltd., Wellpark Brewery, Glasgow.
THE LARGEST EXPORTERS OF BRITISH BOTTLED BEERS.

"POUR VOUS."—Delightful early Autumn Model in light-weight weatherproof felt. The graceful sweep of the brim with its pleated side forms a most becoming frame to the face. A well-made crown is finished with stitched design in silk surmounting the pleats on one side only. In any colour and size to order. Thirty-five Shillings.

A selection of any Hats sent with pleasure on approval on receipt of reference, or cheque will be returned if not approved

New Illustrated Catalogue now ready, Post Free.

By Appointment ROBERT HEATH Ltd. By Appointment

ONLY ADDRESS: *Sloane 7285, 7286.*

37 & 39, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1.

SAYINGS OF FAMOUS MEN.

LORD CHESTERFIELD.

Lord Chesterfield in a letter to his son, wrote :—

"Advice is seldom welcome ; and those who want it the most, always like it the least."

This may be true, but really sound advice is practically invaluable, not merely to a young man starting out on life, but to everyone embarked on the adventure of living—and no advice could be more sound than to make full and adequate provision against stormy days ahead.

The Standard issues a policy specially applicable to young men on the threshold of life. It is known as the "Business Man's" Policy. It gives life cover at low cost and contains valuable options to change its nature according as varying circumstances may arise.

Write for explanatory Leaflet "Y.7" to

The STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

LONDON 46 QUEEN VICTORIA ST. E.C.4 15a PALL MALL S.W.1

ESTABLISHED 1825

INDIA CALCUTTA – DALHOUSIE SQUARE BOMBAY – HORNBY ROAD

HEAD OFFICE – 3 GEORGE STREET EDINBURGH

THERE ARE FORTY MILES OF

on the BELGIAN COAST

REDUCED FARE FACILITIES

Pamphlet giving full information from Continental Traffic Manager, L·N·E·R Liverpool Street Station, London, E.C.2, or Hull; 71 Regent Street and 59 Piccadilly, London, W.1; L·N·E·R Stations, Offices, and Tourist Agents.

NEW NIGHTLY SERVICE HARWICH - ZEEBRUGGE

L·N·E·R 4th JUNE TO 29th SEPT.

For Week Ends and Continental Holidays.

Le Touquet

2 Hours from Paris. 4 Hours from London

THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING RESORT ON THE FRENCH COAST OF THE CHANNEL, WITH ITS LARGE PINE FOREST BY THE FRINGE OF THE SEA

3 GOLF COURSES — 45 HOLES

POLO — RACES — TENNIS (40 Courts) — DRAG-HUNTS — HORSE SHOW — GYMKHANAS — MOTOR-RALLY

THE WORLD-FAMOUS

"CASINO DE LA FORET"

SEASON FROM EASTER TO OCTOBER

HOTELS:

WESTMINSTER — IN PINE FOREST — 250 Rooms with Bath and 'Phone

ROYAL PICARDY — The most beautiful in the world

GRAND HOTEL — ON THE BEACH — 200 Rooms with Bath and 'Phone

RESTAURANT DE LA FORET: Its Tea Dances, Floral Dinners and Gala Nights.

CASANOVA: The recently opened Night Club.

The Bystander, July 2, 1930 No. 1385. Vol. CVII

the BYSTANDER

LADY HOUSTON, D.B.E.

A photograph taken on board her magnificent S.Y. Liberty. Lady Houston (whose husband, Sir R. P. Houston, Bart., died in 1926), was among the first five women to be made a Dame Commander of the British Empire, and was the donor and administratrix of the first Rest Home for Tired Nurses during the War. She takes a very keen interest in public affairs, and has published many newspaper articles

DEWAR'S

ASHLEY

WONDERFUL

"White Label"

WHISKY—

ALSO THE DE LUXE WHISKY • VICTORIA VAT

G. P. A.

The ex-Crown Prince of Germany, whose popularity in the Fatherland has increased enormously since his return from exile, has recently celebrated his silver wedding. "Little Willie," who still looks remarkably young and fit for his age, is seen above with the ex-Crown Princess Cecile

The Passing Hour

EVERY day we draw nearer to the departure of the English polo team for America and the attack on the Westchester Cup, and every day the situation grows more complicated. It looks as though the team will now consist of Lacey, Balding, and the two Roarks. Captain George seems to have been thrown overboard. They say that the selection committee consider that Humphrey Guinness, who is at the top of his form, is too excitable or, at any rate, too erratic, in a big match. This seems a most unfair criticism.

The Champion Cup

IF Pat Roark's brother can get him into the team it will be of great advantage to him in the future, and as he seems to be the unofficial dictator of the team's selection, that is probably what will happen. Meanwhile, the polo world has been full of excitement over the Champion Cup, which was due to be finished on Saturday. Of course, it was inevitable that the Hurricanes would go straight through to the final, with a team consisting of Sanford, Balding, Pat Roark, and Wing-Commander Wise.

P. and A.

King Alfonso has been on another unofficial visit to this country. He is still devoted to polo, and is here seen chatting with the Marquis de Villabragima at Hurlingham before the match between El Gordo and the Old Etonians

An Unexpected Win

ON the other hand, the success of the Old Etonians over El Gordo, who consisted of Lacey, Traill, Fanshawe, and Villabragima, was delightfully unexpected. The Australians—by which I mean, of course, the Ashton Brothers—did excellently to reach the semi-final. So far they have only been beaten three times since their arrival. They are very nice fellows indeed, and extremely popular, and have brought a breath of fresh air into the tournament.

Amateurs in Polo

IT is perhaps fortunate that in polo there is no distinction between amateur and professional, as there is, for example, at lawn tennis. For it would be very difficult to say in some cases whether certain well-known players are amateurs or not. All sorts

WHEN CHAPMAN STARTED CRICKET

of stories float around about the £1,000, £1,500 or £2,000 retaining fee paid by very rich men to very good players to play with them and help in the selection and care of their ponies. I mention no names. After all, one imagines that some of the very best players could not possibly afford the cost of playing throughout a London season, topping it off with a fortnight at Deauville or Biarritz.

Teaching Chapman Cricket

THE luncheon given by the Dowager Lady Darnley to the Australian Cricket Team was a very interesting affair. At one end of the table, sitting next to each other, were A. P. F. Chapman, Lord Londonderry, and Dame Nellie Melba. There is a good trio for you. Lord Londonderry, in a speech, said that his children took all the credit for teaching Chapman cricket, and considered that he was an honour to the family. Other guests were Mr. Bruce, the former Premier of Australia; Lord and Lady Desborough, Lord William Neville, Sir Granville Ryrie, Colonel Bishop, V.C., and the Hon. Mrs. Robert Lindsay.

A Nigger Story

SIR GRANVILLE RYRIE told the story of the negro whose father was so omniscient that he knew in advance exactly when, where, how and why he was going to die. When someone asked him the secret of this paternal

Central News

A SUMMER WEDDING

Mr. J. P. Philipps, the third son of Sir Laurence and Lady Philipps, leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, with his bride, Miss Betty Kindersley. She is the younger daughter of Sir Robert Kindersley, a Director of the Bank of England, and of Lady Kindersley

Lenare

Miss Joan Freemantle, the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Freemantle, of Hayes Barton, Pyrford, with David and Ann Fletcher, her attendants, after her wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster, to Sir Thomas Devitt, Bart. Sir Thomas is a Rugger player of outstanding merit, who has played for England on several occasions

LADY DUNN AND HER BABY

Lady Dunn is interested in organising several charitable entertainments, in particular the "Young Woodley" film matinee, which takes place to-morrow, July 3. It is being given at the Regal Cinema in aid of the Brompton Hospital for Consumptives

INTERNATIONAL ILL-FEELING AT OLYMPIA

knowledge, the negro replied quite simply, "The judge told him." The Dowager Lady Darnley had previously traced the history of the ashes from the paragraph in *The Pink 'Un* in 1882 to their appearance on the luncheon table after a special committee meeting of the M.C.C. had been called to decide whether permission could be given for their temporary removal from Lord's.

Topical

Mr. Lloyd George at breakfast with a friend in his home at Churt, in Surrey. It is here that the Liberal leader conducts his political business

Art Photo

Sir Charles Brooke, the Rajah of Sarawak, seen at his Berkshire residence, Ascot Hill, with Miss Elizabeth Brooke, the Ranee, and Miss Eleanor Brooke. Lord Passfield has officially stated that the Rajah has recently made a gift of £100,000, most of which will be devoted to the education of children of Colonial Civil Servants

CELEBRITIES DISGUISED COMPETITION

IN order to give readers overseas a further chance of sending in their lists, the closing date for this competition has been extended to July 30. Readers resident at home are also advised that, in consequence, it has been decided that lists not yet sent in may be sent up to July 16. No reader should be deterred from completing their lists if some of the celebrities cannot be identified. It is unlikely that any competitor will be able to "spot" every disguised celebrity. The Rover car and the other prizes will be awarded to those *most nearly* correct.

Raphael

Mrs. Warwick Wright, the beautiful wife of Colonel Warwick Wright, well known in the motor world. She is on the committee of the Brompton Hospital Appeal, which has arranged the "Young Woodley" matinee at the Regal

At the Horse Show.

THE International Horse Show has been a fascinating place to visit each evening. But if one went after dinner it was essential to go in full evening dress unless one was sitting in the cheapest seats. All the famous horsemen have been competing. Captain de Laissardière, Lieut. X. Bizard, Colonel Geoffrey Brooke, and the rest. Baron von Waldenfels, the German, became immediately popular, and dined out everywhere. Like other well-born Germans, he was delighted with the pomp and tradition of England compared with the drab republicanism which is the existing order of things in his own country.

Bad Feeling

MEANTIME, behind the great swing doors that open on to the arena, there has been a good deal of high feeling. The French frankly disliked the Germans and refused to have anything to do with them. They disliked even the applause that their enemies secured for their often brilliant riding. The Germans behaved admirably in their rather false position, and were shown every kind of friendship by the English officers competing. Long memories, in a world that is

YOUNG GIRL RIDERS AT OLYMPIA

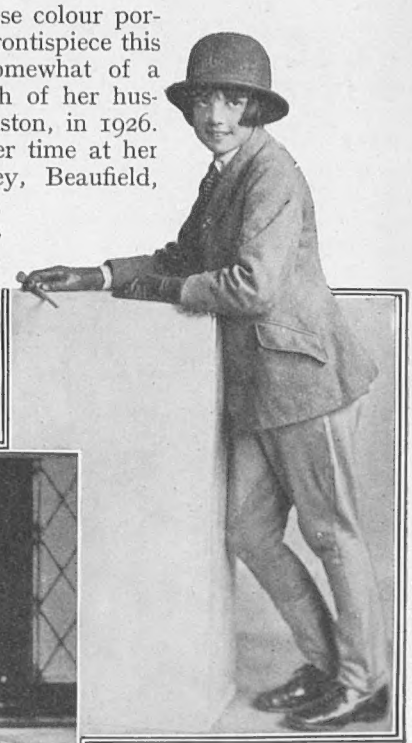
MISS OLIVE RICKS

MISS HELEN COTTON

MISS GENE BULLARD

Photographs Marian Lewis

Four young people who took part in the International Horse Show at Olympia, where the form shown by the little riders was of a satisfactorily high standard



MISS MERCY COCKBURN

always changing, are becoming rather an anachronism, both socially and internationally.

Bad Luck.

POOR Mrs. Fearnley-Whittingstall! She has had an unlucky time this year. Her husband's portrait of her was rejected by the Hanging Committee of the Royal Academy, and then, within twenty-four hours of writing an article on the ordeal of playing on the centre court at Wimbledon, she was knocked out in the second round. Meantime the rebellion against the ban on bare legs has at last taken place. It may seem shocking to some people now, but I prophesy that in a year or two those same people will smile at what they disapprove of now.

Alfonso XIII

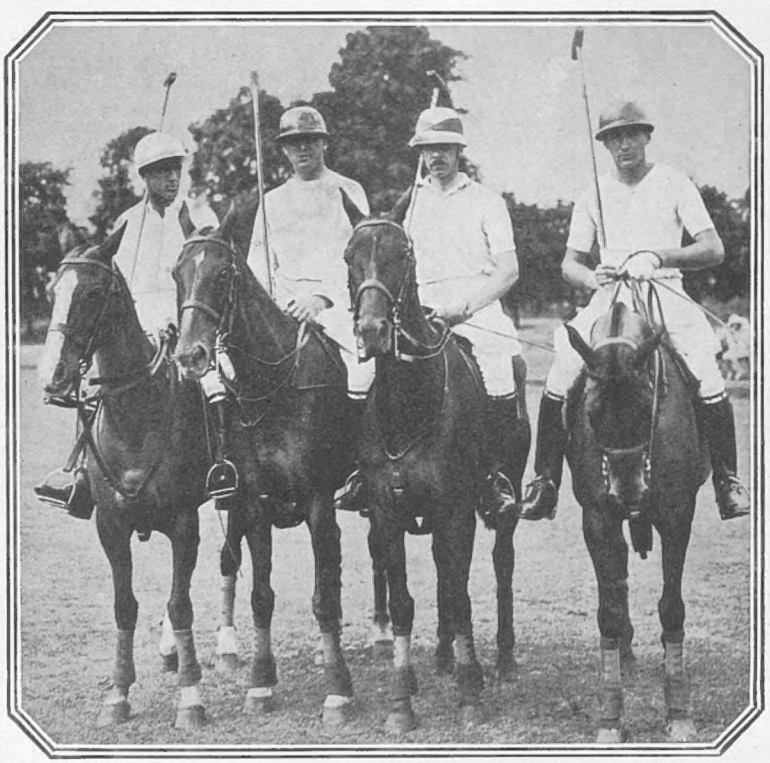
THE KING OF SPAIN is once again with us. He has been to Hurlingham. He has been shopping in the West End. He has been, seemingly, quite unconscious of all that is going on in Spain at the moment. It was thought by some people that he would not consider it wise to leave his country at the moment. Alfonso XIII does not let that worry him, however. All his life he has lived under the mild menace of a blow-up in Spain. He is used to it now, and keeps a collection of relics of the various attempts to unseat him without allowing his sunny nature to be affected in the least.

A Discerning Critic

LADY HOUSTON, whose colour portrait adorns our frontispiece this week, has become somewhat of a recluse since the death of her husband, Sir Robert Houston, in 1926. She spends part of her time at her lovely place in Jersey, Beaufield, which unfortunately a few days ago was damaged by fire—though mainly the servants' quarters were affected—and a great deal of her time on board her palatial yacht Liberty, where she has a crew of 60. She is noted for her generous benefactions and often her daring contributions, as in the case, a few months ago, to the tram drivers of Hull, who, it will be remembered, were dismissed because they had carried on through the General Strike. Lady Houston's action shamed the Socialist corporation, with the result that both she and the men came through with flying colours.

And Lady Houston is no mean politician. She follows public events with care, and she has an outlook that may be described as spacious. With prophetic insight, at the beginning of the year she wrote a characteristic letter to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, which is so true that we quote it without apology.

"*January 2nd*, 1930. DEAR MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD,—Not because I love you, but because I see grave danger



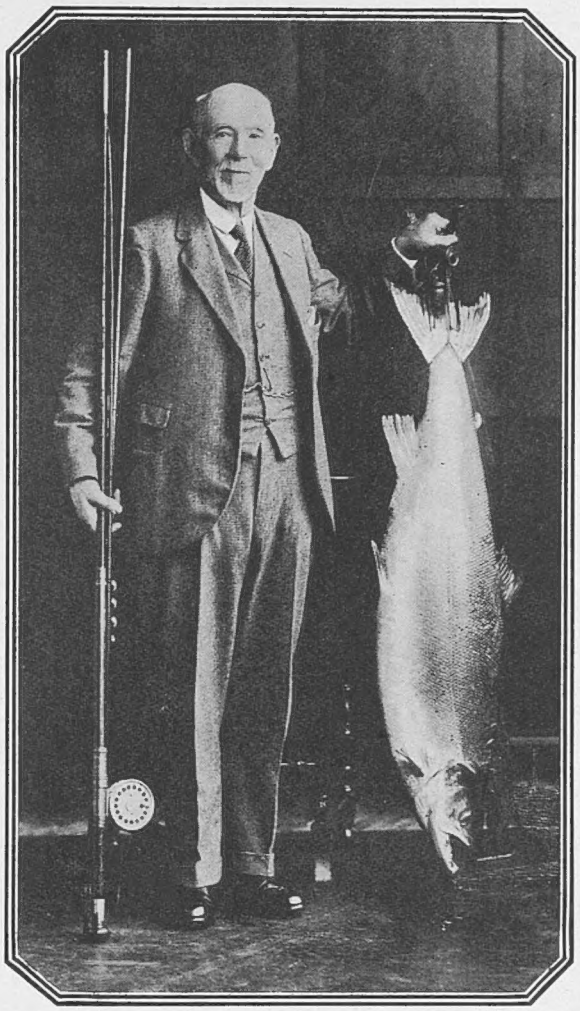
L.N.A.

The England polo team which beat the Rest by eight goals to four at Ranelagh in the sixth trial match of the season. The players are: Mr. L. L. Lacey (left), Mr. G. Balding, Capt. T. C. I. Roark, and Mr. A. Roark

ahead in India, I am sending you as a New Year's gift—an idea. Here it is.

"The recent attempt on Lord Irwin's life has proved that cowardice and truckling to treason does not make him immune from assassination, so he might just as well have played the game and acted firmly—but it is now evident that every hour he is allowed to stay in his present position only encourages the rebels. So, if you are wise, you will promptly recall him and go down on your knees to Lord Lloyd and implore him to quell the rebellion by his well-known successful methods. He is the man above all others who can do this by no means enviable job, but you will, I hope, see that you must give him carte blanche in writing, and make no tiresome restrictive conditions. If this is a sound proposition act on it without delay, for there is no time to be lost.—Yours very truly (signed), LUCY HOUSTON.

"P.S.—The first move should be to prohibit the circulation of all seditious literature."



Photopress

Mr. Edward Cochran, of Paisley, who is over eighty-two, with the enormous salmon which he caught recently. Weighing 44lbs. and measuring nearly 4ft., this was the largest fish ever caught in Loch Lomond

Joan Craven

MISS BARBARA BURTON

The beautiful younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percy C. Burton, of Hatfield. Miss Burton, who is a niece of Viscount Rothermere, was presented at the last Court

Those Wimbledon Sages

ONE thing which the first week at Wimbledon revealed was the surprising lack of proportion displayed by some of the lawn tennis critics of the daily papers. Any young player who brought off one good win over an opponent who was generally recognised as being the stronger of the two, was hailed wildly as a new champion and extolled to the skies, until an eclipse in the following round resulted in the budding world-beater being dropped like a hot brick in favour of some new "discovery." A "story" is insisted upon by some editors, who see in the Championships more than a mere sporting occasion, but it is a pity that they do not always ensure that the "story" of the day will bear some resemblance to fact by sending to Wimbledon writers with more than a rudimentary knowledge of the game and the players, and an appreciation of the finer points of tactics and court craft. So many people nowadays possess such a knowledge and appreciation of the game that newspaper "stunts," far from impressing, merely annoy them.

Lady Louis Mountbatten's Illness

LADY LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN is still far from well. This was evident at the luncheon Lord Louis Mountbatten gave at Brook House last week to enable Mr. Cochran to talk about the Midnight Revue on July 10. She has been in bed for some weeks now, and was unable to get up for the luncheon in her own house. She wanted to, so Lord Louis said, but the doctor refused. Finally she agreed to lie in bed on condition her husband came up from Portsmouth to preside, with Lady Brecknock, in her place.

About Charity Appeals

DESPITE her illness, Lady Louis signed all the letters of invitation herself, both for the luncheon and for the various committee meetings in connection with the ball. Her

D. Mitchell Laing

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS COMES TO LIFE

Mrs. Douglas Ogilvie as Mary Queen of Scots in the Angus W.R.I. Pageant. This took place at Panmure House, Carnoustie, the residence of the Earl of Dalhousie

DEBUTANTES AND THE LAST COURT

reason for this was explained by her husband, "We get between eighty and ninety appeals every week here," he said. "My secretary goes through them and rejects immediately all those with a lithographic signature. She then throws away all those which, though signed by the person who is making the appeal, begin with either 'Dear Sir' or 'Dear Madam,' or some other stock greeting." There is a hint for everyone responsible for appeals —to make them more personal.

A £10,000 Profit?

THE Midnight Revue, every penny of the profits from which goes direct to the Prince of Wales's personal fund for the British Legion, is going to be the most brilliant entertainment of the season. Sacha Guitry and Yvonne Printemps, who refused C. B. Cochran's invitation to take part in a short season at the Globe Theatre, have agreed to appear in the Midnight Revue. Violet Loraine is making an appearance too. Cochran expects to clear £10,000 out of the one performance.

The Last Court

THE fact that the revue takes place on the same night as the fifth Court is going to make it a little difficult for ladies who are making their curtsey to arrive at the theatre in time for the start of the show. One can seldom get away from Buckingham Palace before 11.30, and then there is the business of changing your Court dress. This year, too, everyone has to take her turn. It is no longer possible to get the entrée. Members of the Bodyguard and others are not allowed to let their friends into the Palace early by the side entrance.

Central News

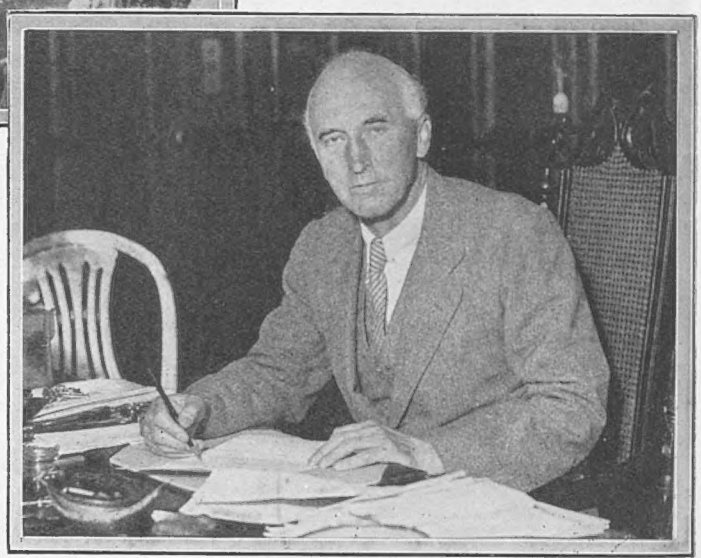
WOMEN DEFY THE POLICE

The revolutionary marches in Bombay have been remarkable for the way in which women have been heading the processions, relying on their sex to avoid broken heads. Here they are arguing with European police officers while the Sepoys watch a new disturbance

Planet News

THE BOYCOTT OF BRITISH GOODS

(Left) A procession formed with this avowed object is seen passing through the streets of Bombay. In addition to derisive lettering on banners, an effigy of John Bull was held up to ridicule



Topical

SIR JOHN SIMON, K.C., M.P.

Whose careful and painstaking report of the commission which bears his name has been in great public demand. It is considered to have killed the Swarajists' demand for Home Rule

Pretty Children

IF you go to a children's matinée you are always struck by the fact that the next generation is going to be even better-looking than the present one. —just as this is infinitely more handsome than the last, and so on back to the beginning of the eighteenth century, when any girl who was not marked by the small-pox was considered automatically pretty. Many of the people who were at Brook House last Thursday went on to see their children take part in the Hon. Mrs. Richard Hoare's affair at the Chelsea Palace. This was a pageant of Queen Victoria's Court, in which children impersonated their ancestors and ancestresses.

Impersonation

LADY MARY CAMBRIDGE impersonated Queen Victoria. Patrick and Robin Plunket danced. Lady Cecilia Fitzroy, the small daughter of the Duchess of Grafton, Lady Anne

DEAUVILLE IN SUMMER MOOD

The above photographs of the gay throngs who make Deauville one of the brightest and happiest holiday centres on the Continent are reproduced from a book, "Deauville," recently published by the authorities. Including many pages in colour, this delightful book, with its photographs, drawings and texts, is not only a finely produced work, but interprets the spirit of the famous watering-place admirably

(Continued from page 8).

Villiers, Master Harry Hoare, and the Duke of Devonshire's grandchildren also took part. Altogether it was a very pleasant affair.

The Ranee of Pudukota Entertains

AN amusing party was given by the Ranee of Pudukota the other night. It was really two parties rolled into one. For although it took place in her house in Chesterfield Street she had allowed Mr. Billy Milton to bring a number of his friends along too. Thus a number of actors and actresses such as Miss Cathleen Nesbitt, Miss Ivy St. Helier, and others mingled with Lord Ava and his fiancée, Miss Maureen Guinness, Captain and Mrs. Scott-Robson, and several flawless young men from the Foreign Office.

Sport and General

Mr. Neville Chamberlain, on whom has fallen the none too comfortable mantle of Mr. J. C. C. Davidson. To be Chairman of the Conservative Party just now is no easy task

Mr. Beaton's Brother

LATER on Dwight Fiske sang songs. Mr. Cecil Beaton draped himself gracefully in the doorway. Mr. Felix Doubleday, the banker son of the head of the famous publishing firm, Doubleday Doran, talked of the crashes in Wall Street and the Stock Exchange.

P. and A.

Mr. Baldwin arrives at Caxton Hall in jaunty mood with Sir Austen Chamberlain. Contrary to his usual practice, the Conservative leader's speech was by no means lacking in personalities

The Rumpus in the Conservative Party

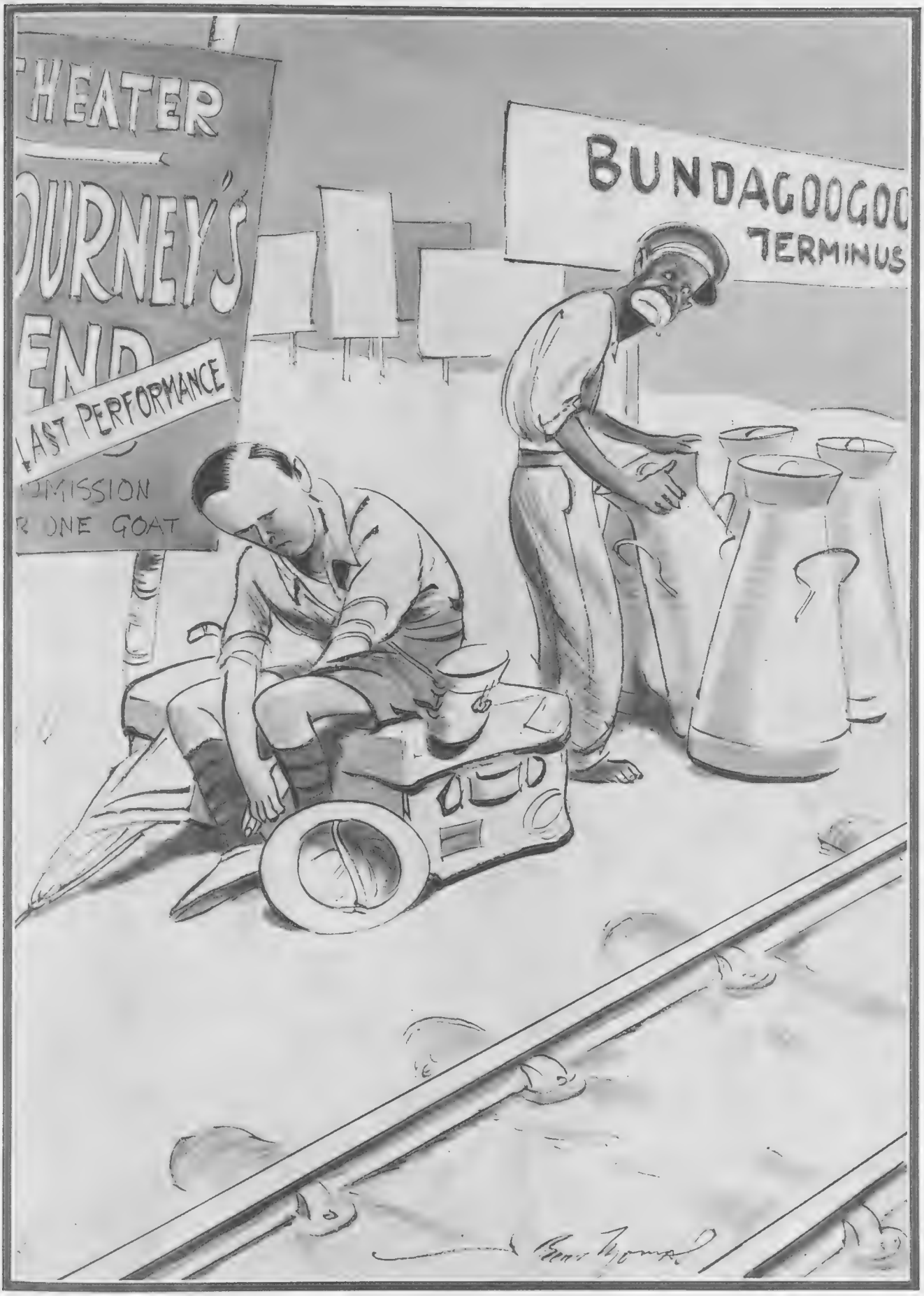
Lord Beaverbrook with his little grandchild. He and Lord Rothermere have been the subject of the attack which Mr. Baldwin launched at the meeting at Caxton Hall last week

In Sloane Street

MRS. PETER THURSBY (Miss Poppy Baring that was), who used to run her own dress shop in Berkeley Square (where, by the way, I am told that Madame Chanel is likely to set up house) is now working at a dressmaker's in Sloane Street. Another employee there is the Hon. Sylvia Portman. One used to see Miss Portman at every race meeting. Now she has no longer the time to go to them.

Trousers and the Press

OUR caricaturist, Mr. Harris (it is quite untrue to say that "there ain't no sich person") is in dreadful trouble about a pair of trousers. Not his own, but trousers he has depicted on the legs, and so forth, of Robert Holmes, the actor. Harris made Miss Jane Millican point out to Mr. Holmes in a drawing of a scene from *Petticoat Influence,* which is now running at the St. Martin's Theatre, that he is wearing the same pair of trousers that he wore in *Honours Easy,* which preceded it at the same theatre. Plaintively, and more in sorrow than in anger, does Mr. Holmes—my dear Holmes!—declare that (1) he was shown by Harris, on February 19, wearing striped trousers in *Honours Easy,* a play in which he did not wear striped trousers, and (2) that the artist thereby anticipated by five months what he did wear in *Petticoat Influence.* Sorry. The artist has duly been given the stripes. What now remains to be solved is whether the influence of trousers on petticoats is greater than the influence of petticoats on trousers. I'm afraid I don't care a trouser-button one way or the other.



BY BERT THOMAS

WOULDN'T IT BE AWFUL—

If R. C. Sherriff reached his journey's end?

AT THE PLAY

A PLAY CRITIC ON A CRICKET PLAY

"Badger's Green," at the Prince of Wales' Theatre

A DRAMATIST is always confronted with a hard task when, having achieved a startling success, he sits down to try to write another. Comparisons are odious, but it is only human nature to make them. That was the difficulty which confronted R. C. Sherriff, who, having written the most successful play of modern times in *Journey's End,* was commissioned to find a successor at the same theatre which saw the run of his previous play completed.

VERY wisely, I think, this dramatist has made no attempt to follow one war play with another, and in *Badger's Green* we are miles away from the trenches, even though there is "a sort of war"—to quote the late Lord Halsbury—going on in a little village between a builder of cheap bungalows and the big-wigs of the neighbourhood, who have, in the face of a common enemy, settled their own differences to fight against a building scheme which they consider will destroy the amenities of their particular patch of England's soil.

Mr. Butler (Felix Aylmer), a speculative builder, induced to play for Badger's Green C.C., and Ginger (George Elliston), the hope of his side, who required no inducement at all

Dr. Wetherby (Horace Hodges), President with Major Forrester (Louis Goodrich) as t

Mr. Twigg (S discusses fretw

TO start off with the dramatist gives us good stuff. Although it is all on the surface there is amusement got out of the differences of opinion between Dr. Wetherby, president of the cricket club at Badger's Green, and Major Forrester — retired—captain of the eleven, with a certain Mr. Twigg—as unlike a retired member of the Stock Exchange as any man could be—tumbling alternately on each side of the debatable fence.

THEIR burying of the hatchet when they learn of a scheme for "bungalowing" the countryside is far from funereal, and,

By Vernon Woodhouse

SKETCHES OF "BADGER'S GREEN," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES', By H. H. HARRIS

r's Green C.C., exchanges a few heated words hall superintend the tea tent at the match of the year

taken by and large, expectation is raised by this first Act that there are more good things to come.

BUT expectations are hardly realised. A story is almost conspicuous by its absence. The humour, which is continued, is on the same note throughout, and becomes less and less enjoyable in consequence. The dramatist toys with a love affair between the builder's secretary and the doctor's son, and runs away from it with a celerity almost unbelievable. Expectation is aroused when the wives of doctor and major appear on the scene, but the author has given them nothing much to say and still less to do. Indeed, throughout the entire play Mr. Sherriff shies violently at depicting any character other than the male.

IN the last Act, which takes place in a marquee with a cricket match in progress outside, the story is completely lost for a while as play goes on, though we learn that the builder has been induced to play for the village as long as he is allowed to catch the 6 o'clock train from Guilford, some miles distant. To win the match he stops on, loses his vitally important train, and ultimately announces his intention of building his bungalows elsewhere — quixotic conduct which is really rather hard to understand, but not so hard to understand as his stupidity in not insisting upon being put earlier in the batting list, and thus being given ample time to play an innings and catch his train as well!

, retired Stock Exchange and left-handed bowler, thrilling subjects with Mr. Butler's secretary Darrell)

Dr. Wetherby (Horace Hodges), whose superb innings for Badger's Green C.C. helped to defeat hated rivals and bring play to a close in a blazer of glory

BADGER'S GREEN has had every chance given it, for it has a splendid team. Horace Hodges and Louis Goodrich as the doctor and major, Sebastian Smith, the Stock Exchange derelict; Frederick Burtwell, a local publican, were all as amusing as could be. Felix Aylmer, the builder, Maisie Darrell, his secretary, and Margaret Scudamore and Hilda Sims as the two wives were rather scurvily treated by the author, and I think it was due to Kathleen Harrison's own sense of character that she made so much of the tiny part of a maid. As for James Whale's production, it is excellent. A cleverer effect than the marquee interior full of sunlight, with an even greater glare outside I have never seen on the stage, but I would remind him that in village cricket the rude forefathers, so to speak, generally use bats somewhat the worse for wear.

Manager Maurice Browne has stated that, though the play is losing money, he intends to continue this run at cricket—a form of publicity hardly likely to improve matters. V. W.

BLAZING THE ATLANTIC TRAIL

G. P. U.

The great three-engined Fokker monoplane, Southern Cross, on the sands at Portmarnock before setting off at dawn on its wonderful conquest of the Atlantic from east to west. Captain Charles Kingsford Smith and his crew were prevented from travelling beyond Newfoundland owing to fog and compass trouble and finally landed at Harbour Grace, Newfoundland. Their great flight across the Atlantic covered 1,900 miles. It was in the Southern Cross that Captain Kingsford Smith successfully flew the Pacific

Planet News

P. and A.

Above: The crew of the Southern Cross seen standing before setting off. They are Captain C. Kingsford Smith (left), Mr. E. Vandyk, relief pilot, Mr. John W. Stennage, wireless operator, and Captain John Saul, navigator

Left: Captain Charles Kingsford Smith, the famous Australian airman

BY STARR WOOD

"Well, Mrs. Jones, since you ask me, it's a very nice new 'at, but a bit 'ighbrow for your type of fice"

If Gossip We

Janet Jevons

GRIZELDA HERVEY

In one of the dresses she wears in "The Last Chapter," at the New Theatre. She takes the part of the Hon. Mrs. Gladys Durland, one of the women who fall before the lure of the Society novelist, played by Owen Nares

By Stan Terry

"I'm not keen on Harold's proposal. What shall I do?"
"Why not accept temporarily? It might lead to something better!"

I FANCY that those supporters of Labour who are jubilant about their theory that dissensions in the ranks of the Conservative Party will give England a Labour Government for years and years will have a rude awakening. Lord Beaverbrook is far more likely to unite the party than to split it, for he is breathing life into something that was dangerously near the moribund.

IF a certain portion of the party becomes atrophied through age and inactivity and drops off one can hardly call it a split so much as a slight and harmless operation. Whatever hope had the Conservatives at the last election with such a cry as "Safety First" when the country was admittedly in a pretty parlous condition?

Stage Photo Co.

Anton Dolin and Doris Sonne in their new Deauville Beach dance. They have recently been entertaining Coliseum audiences with their clever ballet dancing

BETTY THE BAD

"Her trouble is that lawn tennis is merely a game to her, and a defeat by someone to whom she could really owe fifteen merely produces a sunny smile."—"*Daily Express*" *Lawn Tennis Correspondent*

OUT upon you, Betty Nuthall!
Bow your bandeau'd head in shame.
How could you, a first-class player
Think Lawn Tennis is a game?
Sets are real, sets are earnest,
And the Match should be your goal,
Yet you play because you like it—
It's too bad, upon my soul!

Fie upon you, Betty Nuthall!
Finding pleasure in your sport
Is enough to get you banished
From the verdant Centre Court.
You've a duty to the critics,
Who are you to say them nay?
Let's have no more trouble this year,
Kindly work, don't play, at play

Shame upon you, Betty Nuthall!
Fancy smiling in defeat!
Scowling glances should be handed
To the foes you cannot beat
Be a robot fiercely striving,
Grim and heartless till it's done,
Don't you dare to play lawn tennis
Just as though you found it fun!

B. W.

Must.

THAT condition has not improved, and with the same cry at the next election the same result would be inevitable, in spite of the way Labour has been bungling things. The Conservatives did not even stand for reduction of expenditure, for all their show of caution. They spent recklessly, yet with an air of compromise and timidity, instead of adopting the Socialist policy of shouting hard over the virtues of giving away someone else's money and getting as much credit and as many votes as possible in the process. That, at any rate, is shrewd political business.

I FEAR we must close down any hopes of reduction in expenditure. Where is it to come from? The only flagrant absurdity is the compensation of parents should the raising of the school age come about. This I call absurd, because if the raising of the school age is a bad thing, then we should have none of it; and, if it is a good thing, why should those whom it chiefly and directly benefits be paid cash for being benefited? Thus, in the way of education, one section of the community pays to have its children educated, and the other section has them educated for nothing and is paid for receiving the gift. "Alice in Wonderland" is nothing to it!

Some of the thousand performers who took part in the Cardinal Wolsey Pageant at Ipswich last month rehearsing in the grounds of Christchurch Manor. The pageant was held to commemorate the Cardinal's fourth centenary

I. B.

Photopress

Cardinal Wolsey and Henry VIII discussing affairs of State, an incident in the Wolsey Pageant, recently held at Ipswich. A chance was missed when the portly form of Sir John Ganzoni, the member for Ipswich, was not recruited for the part of Henry VIII in the Pageant

NO, the only way out of the difficulty is to increase the national income. This is what Empire Free Trade will do. Lord Beaverbrook realises that in some respects a nation is not so vastly different from an individual. And when an individual finds that necessary and unavoidable expenditure is growing he promptly, if he has any "guts" about him, sets about seeing how he can earn a bit more money in order to meet it.

BY AUDREY OWEN

CHARLADY (*meeting new acquaintance*): "Not *the* Amy Johnson?"

WITH what comfort and appetite we may have, we proceed, therefore, from Ascot to the prospect of such social attractions as Lord's affords for the Oxford and Cambridge and Eton and Harrow matches. The former is a bit Henleyish; the latter always a magnet for the exclusively inclined: though what they do there without a Royal Enclosure heaven alone knows. For there are some people who are in an agony of baulked social enthusiasm if they cannot wear a little card with their name on it, and if they cannot cherish the thought that there are lots of other people without a little card with their name on it who would very much like to wear a little card with their name on it. I think, and hope, that small Etonians and small Harrovians are

Stage Photo Co.

Bobby Howes, who plays lead in "Sons o' Guns," the new musical play at the Hippodrome, with some of the chorus. Although he is the big noise in the play he has not changed the spelling of his name to "Hows"

By Starr Wood

SHE: "I hear that the man Phyllis is to marry is quite well off"

HE: "I wonder if he will realise it in time!"

as yet too young for such mysteries. But I wish someone would explain the mystery of why these lads almost invariably have hats two sizes too big and trousers three sizes short.

THAT energetic person, Sir Charles Higham, having just made a successful appearance in Ethel Mannin's new book, is off to America for the *n*th time. Charlie Higham is a man in a thousand—if you like, an Ethel Mannin in a thousand. He has spent most of his busy life blowing a trumpet—his own or other people's; the epigrammatic Ethel admits that she had him in mind when she wrote her novel "Sounding Brass." But he is so charmingly frank about his profession, so ingenuously anxious, having become a very big man in his way, to become a still bigger, and so alive to the fact that a spice of humour does no harm even in advertising, that few, if any, can dislike him, and most people like him very much indeed.

IT is said that some years ago Charles Higham made out a list of the things in life he wanted—a Rolls-Royce, a title, a seat in the House of Commons, a flat in the Albany, and plenty of money to spend. I first met him when some of those things had been achieved—he and I were helping to induce people to buy War Savings Certificates, and Higham rushed about all day muttering what he called "slogans"—but by no means all. He can now put "paid" to the lot of 'em, and I feel sure that another little list wouldn't do him any harm.

Sport and General

SIR CHARLES HIGHAM GOES ACROSS

The well-known advertising expert on board the Leviathan on his way to the States to study American markets—but not necessarily Wall Street. He is among the well-known people pilloried in Ethel Mannin's new book, "Impressions and Recollections"

THE Theatrical Garden Party is always the better for a little sunshine, whatever some of our actresses who have been twenty-nine for years and years have to say about it. This year the skies were grey and dull, and the public were grey and dull, too. They were dowdily dressed, for the most part, and seemed terrified

Reprograph

DIANA GOULD

A pupil of Madame Rambert, she has been dancing at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, in the ballet season which opened there last month. Madame Karsavina was dancing in this season with Harold Turner

a rest-cure after the turmoils and tribulations of Ascot.

I HAVE one grumble, however. The Theatrical Garden Party will lose its chief point and (for most of its patrons) its chief attraction if it ceases to be exclusively theatrical. Many people officially running, or helping to run, the sundry side-shows, etc., had no more connection with the stage than has the Archbishop of Canterbury; others were the hangers-on and camp-followers of stage life—the sallow young men and fat young women who, for no particular reason, are seen at first-nights. (What they do in the daytime is, as in the case of Albert the Good, something of a mystery.) And why were athletic champions in charge of some stalls?

AMATEUR filming seems to be the latest idea. The occupants, patrons, customers, clientèle, or inmates of a dinner-and-dance club off Bruton Street the other Sunday night suddenly decided to give an impromptu performance of *Cinderella*, and some experts were sent for to film it. Tremendous fun, and the talent was there in plenty. The Earl of Wemyss (who is always full of amusing schemyss) appeared as the bold, bad baron; Lady Angela St. Claire Erskine (who may be a sister, but is certainly not ugly) was an "ugly sister"; and the Hon. Mrs. Hastings Campbell was the inevitable Good Fairy. I did not see any other fairies of any sort. Major Stourton was Prince Charming; and Mrs. Miller, who is Lancelot Lowther's daughter and Lord Lonsdale's niece, the Cinderella. It was well worth coming some miles to see Lady Hawtrey as a "herald."

BY CHICOT

"Emily, you may tell your young man I don't mind him coming to see you in his working clothes"

"Oh, ma'am! He's a swimming instructor!"

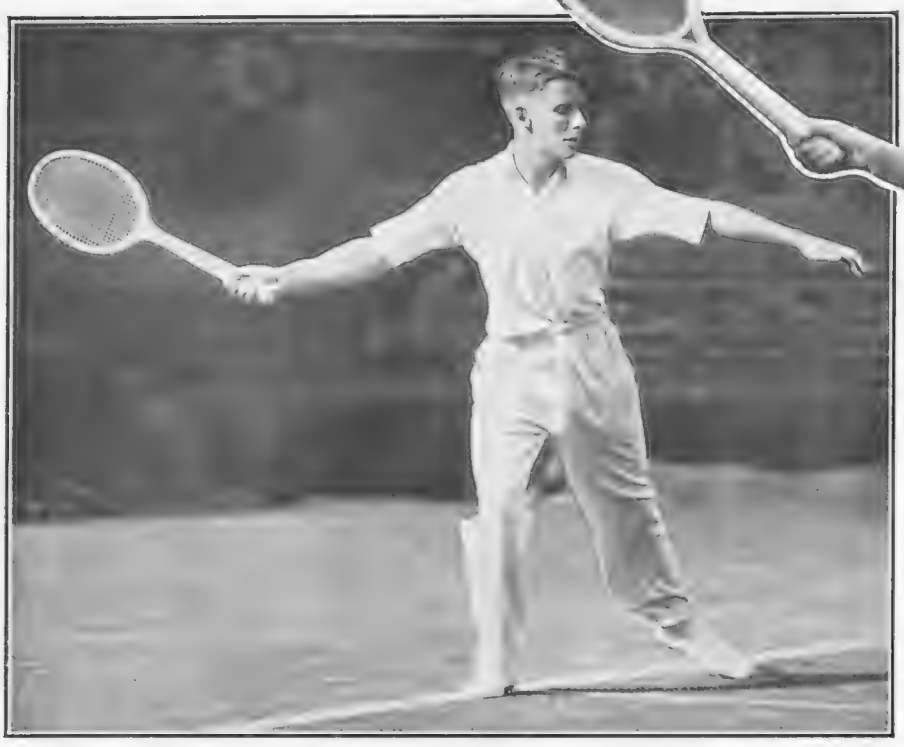
to spend money. Possibly, poor souls, they hadn't got it to spend; those who paid their entrance fee and the price of a cup of tea and absolutely nothing else must have numbered thousands. But the stage folk worked away as merrily and as loyally as ever, and spent a busy afternoon taking in each other's washing. Personally, I had rather an enjoyable time, for the most raucous and most riotous corner of the "fun of the fair" was

Dorothy Wilding

ELAINE LETTOR

Who is the Queen's godchild, is singing and dancing in "De La Folie Pure," the revue at the Victoria Palace. She sold a rose to Their Majesties at Buckingham Palace on Alexandra Day

AN ALL-MALE CAST



Central News

H. W. Austin, who is Britain's main hope against the foreign invasion. He possesses a graceful and classic style which is very enjoyable to watch

L.N.A.

Brame Hillyard, the veteran player, in action. Defying sartorial convention, he plays in singlet, shorts and with bare legs

AN International galaxy of lawn tennis stars who are prominent in this year's Championships at Wimbledon are seen on these pages. By the time this appears some of them may be out of the running, but, win or lose, they are all players who never fail to give a good account of themselves on courts

L.N.A.

E. T. Moon, the champion of Australia, is calm and methodical in his movements and is steady rather than spectacular

L.N.A.

Jean Borotra, the "Bounding Basque," leaps for the ball and apparently enjoys a not infrequent tumble. His acrobatics on court and his good nature have made him a firm favourite with the gallery

FEATURED AT WIMBLEDON

Central News

G. Lyttleton Rogers, the tallest player at Wimbledon, stands well over six feet in height and possesses a prodigious reach

Central News

H. Cochet, the champion, shakes hands with the fair-haired H. Timmer, of Holland, who ran him to five sets in an early round of the singles

L.N.A.

H. G. N. Lee, the English Davis Cup player. He is a pertinacious base-line player

I.B.

"Big Bill" Tilden takes a little violent exercise. In many quarters he is tipped to reach the final of the singles, and it is an open secret that this comparative veteran is most anxious to stage a "come back" this year

WIMBLEDON'S SPELL-BINDERS

Vivacious Vignettes

By ARGENT

W. T. TILDEN

" BIG BILL " (W. T. Tilden).
I've sat on the top of the world
—and I guess
That you'll find that I'm sitting
there still, more or less:
And, say, win or lose, I'm a sure
winner when
I put down the racket and take
up the pen.

" BETTY " (Miss Betty Nuthall).
I made an early beginning;
And still I'm the first in the
news:
If I can't always show girls the
right way of winning . . .
I *do* show them the right way
to lose.

" COLIN " (Dr. J. C. Gregory).
He is made up of grins and grit,
A fighter right to the end
of it;
And, whether he loses or
whether he wins,
He's still made up of grit
and grins.

" PHŒBE " (Mrs. Holcroft-Watson).
Without our Phœbe where
should *we* be?
Surely, in the cart!
Her lightning drives endanger lives ——
Oh! Phœbe! have a
heart!

MISS BETTY NUTHALL *MRS. HELEN WILLS-MOODY*

DR. J. C. GREGORY

" HELEN " (Mrs. Wills-Moody).
To be demure was aye my lure,
Shy, staid, and goody-goody;
If Wills can win, then count me in,
Even though now I'm Moody.

" BUNNY " (H. W. Austin).
" Bunny " in style and strokes we
know
As heir to the throne of " Little
Do."
But pointless tests when he is
forced in,
He finds the game is too ex-
Austin'.

" JOAN " (Miss Joan Fry).
Nobody has a heart so high
Or so fleet a foot as our own
Joan Fry;
She can run and she can hit,
And win or lose don't matter a
bit.

" EILEEN " (Mrs. Fearnley-Whittingstall).
"Mrs. Fearnley-Whittingstall "
Is a terrible name for an
umpire to call:
Many, like me, think it prettier
when it
Appears on the programme as
Eileen Bennett.

H. COCHET *J. BOROTRA*

" THE CHAMPION " (Henri Cochet).
" The world's best player of a final set "
They used to call me—and may do
again:
Skill and agility in me are met,
And—I have borrowed some of Réné's
brain!

"JENNY " (Miss Jenny Sandison).
India's champion am I,
Strong of wrist and keen of eye;
Many's the champion I should beat
If brain could work as fast as feet.

" THE BOUNDING BASQUE "
(Jean Borotra).
Borotra bounds through many rounds,
And into the spectators;
For those who thrill at every " kill "
This peerless showman caters.

" F. R. B." (The Referee—F. R. Burrow).
In his office all day sits the Referee
Arranging the matches we go to see;
But a sense of loss makes his forehead
furrow,
For at Wimbledon he's a rabbitless
Burrow.

H. W. AUSTIN

SKETCHES BY MAC

F. R. BURROW

TO-DAY'S GREAT THOUGHT

BY WILL OWEN

"Ah! You men are all alike!"

IT is hard to believe when our modern young Eve
Makes merry in restaurants nightly,
She will now bow the knee to the Powers-that-Be,
Or surrender her new freedom lightly

"TIME, LADIES

BY WEBSTER MURRAY

ADIES, PLEASE!"

But there's one of her sex who is still there to vex
Poor Eve when the evening seems splendid,
And "Time, ladies, please!" stops her pleasure and ease,
For DORA is still far from ended

BY HIGGINS

"TWO'S COMPANY . . ."

I've got you, and you've got me;
Two's just right, we don't want three
But this *intruder makes no fuss,*
So a baa-lamb shan't be barred by us

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

HIDDEN EYES

BY ANNE ABERCROMBY

CLIVE DEWAR, major of artillery, opened his eyes, at first reluctantly, and then with the leaping alertness of his profession. He had evidently been asleep, and while he slept the privacy of his compartment had been invaded and he was no longer in sole possession. The fact dismayed him, not only because he might have been guilty of the solecism of an open mouth, but because in the first moments of returning consciousness the slight figure in the far corner had assumed a resemblance which had been profoundly disturbing. Absurd, of course, to imagine such a thing; not only absurd, but . . . well, uncanny. He passed a nervous hand quickly over his hair, which was black, not quite straight, and beginning to recede ever so lightly from his forehead, lending him an interesting air of dissipation which, in a man of the late thirties, is preferable to an innocent one.

Outside the dusk of early April lay powdered bluely over the flying Kentish landscape with a degree of beauty not lost upon Dewar's imagination, whose recent behaviour had been more or less responsible for his present leave from duties in Egypt. Driven into consultation with the M.O., he had not been entirely candid with that wooden-faced effigy of a baboon, but had laid stress on the more describable symptoms, the headaches, the lethargy, and the odd feeling of being utterly fed up with all the things which had hitherto amused him—such as dancing, making indiscriminate love, polo and bridge. The trouble was diagnosed as a touch of the sun, but Dewar knew quite well the sun had had nothing to do with it—the moon, perhaps. That cool, high moon, more silver than gold, had shone down on him and on . . . Her, making the things in his life which had been possible impossible; the entertaining, stupid; the important, trivial; and most of all the women . . . those over-scented women of flesh and blood that he thought he had loved, with their arch, flattering, ogling eyes had lost their allure, so that the mere thought of them filled him with distaste.

NO woman could ever be anything to him now. He had done with that side of life unless . . . he glanced covertly at the slim, still thing in the far corner who, on his awakening, had been so disquietingly like the continuation of a dream which could never be anything more than a dream. It was obvious she was completely immersed in her own thoughts and entirely without interest in his presence. Encouraged by her absorption he studied her with increased eagerness, his dark blue, straightly glancing eyes almost hungry in their desire to discover wherein lay the similitude to that which he had thought incomparable. Where was it? What was it? In the aloof detachment from the present—in the sheer perfection of every feminine attribute for which men have gone mad since the world began? It was tantalising to see so little, to guess so much, but as the boat train swung over the bridge into Charing Cross a reflection from the paling river revealed a glimpse of the small-featured profile, ivory-skinned, with a wing of darkly burnished hair pressed closely to the smooth cheek. He almost thought her eyes were closed, but not that she slept. And with that the express left the mystery of the dusk with a long-drawn-out sigh, and ran into the lights of the station.

LIFTING a suitcase from the rack he became aware that his travelling companion was speaking, and to him. Her voice was very clear and extraordinarily impersonal:

"Would you mind calling me a porter?"

He swung round. She was still sitting in her corner, her hat shading the upper part of her face so that he could not be sure whether she was looking directly at him or not. He wished he could have thought of something more to say than the conventional murmur with which he indicated compliance with her command, but long before inspiration came to him he was dismissed with a grateful "Thank you," and left to gaze longingly after the graceful, brown-clad figure walking lightly beside the attendant porter.

But it was not to be quite the end of her yet. Some trouble over a ticket at the exit gates had held up the stream of travellers and allowed Dewar with his kit to make up on her as she passed through the arch into the station yard. Again he was struck by her air of remoteness which yet had nothing unapproachable or in the least proud about it, rather did it appeal for protection and chivalry; and he noticed with what care the porter put her into a taxi as though even he, inured to femininity at its fussiest, had not had his perceptions completely blunted by inadequate tips and foolish questions.

HE watched the taxi drive off, and then reluctantly turned to his own affairs, meditating on the absurdity of civilised convention, its prohibitions and repressions. He wanted that little brown thing of the hidden eyes somewhere in his own life, if only for friendship and protection; but all he could do was watch her slip out of his ken as inevitably as she had slipped into it.

London, as London, had ceased to thrill him, and as he watched his luggage stacked up and fingered the small change in his pocket, he mused unhappily on the peculiarity of the sensation. All through the voyage he had more than half-hoped that when he actually found himself upon that happy hunting ground of so many riotous leaves his boredom would evaporate. It had not. It was difficult to believe that London meant nothing to him, absolutely nothing. That he could not even smile with affectionate, if cynical, tolerance when he found the Strand under repair—that the inimitable sense of adventure to be had for the asking, the feeling of being in the one place outside of fairyland where anything might happen any minute, had not the power to rouse the least thrill of anticipatory pleasure. But such undoubtedly was the case, and he actually yawned at himself as his taxi rattled up the Haymarket.

Unattracted by his surroundings his thoughts reverted yet again to the encounter in the train; he wondered how old she had been, and found it impossible to guess. So small and slight, and yet so sure of herself, she seemed a thing whose age would never be definite, or even of any importance measured against the interest of her individuality. He was not a particularly vain man, but he could not resist contrasting her behaviour with that of almost any other woman who might have chanced to share his compartment on such an evening of romantic possibilities. Nowadays they took a man's desire to talk to them for granted, and it was as easy to ask for a match as to offer a cigarette. A pinchbeck comradery which had its amusing side until one sickened of it, as he himself had sickened.

Illustrated by H. GOODERHAM

(All rights strictly reserved)

What was her name? He could think of none which would suit her. He hoped it wasn't Dorothy or Phyllis, he had known so many of them, degenerating loathsomely into Dolly and Phil at the least hint of male intriguement. Stinking of the popular scent of the moment, trite and hackneyed—m o d e l l e d ludicrously and slavishly on the latest recruit to musical comedy stardom—behaving in identical fashion with the heroine of the current best-seller. Fools, all of them! He lit a cigarette savagely and hurled the match out of the window.

At his club two letters awaited him. He had known they would be there, but he was none the less annoyed at the sight of them for that. The crease between his eyebrows deepened, his mouth, under the small smudge of his moustache, tightening as he took up the mauve envelope and the thin azure one.

"Isabella Mansions, S.W.

"Darling Boy,—I'll be in every night until you come. Love and then some, Chloe."

"Aldridge Street, West.

"My dear Clive,—You won't let Herbert's death make any difference, will you? For many years we've been such good friends—surely we can continue . . . and if not? But it must be as you wish. Let me see you soon.

"Yours ever,

"Helen."

Dewar read the second letter more than once. Helen never quite wrote what she meant. Hers the adroit slipperiness of the inveterate woman of affairs who knows how to manage men and usually succeeds in alienating them by a too evident display of tactful coercion. He had known she would be difficult, and her husband's death had been most inopportune. Just a year ago, so that his return would seem to Helen to have been timed with delicate thoughtfulness to coincide with her emancipation from the seclusion of strict widowhood. There was nothing for it but to take the bull by the horns, and he would see her that night after he had settled up with Chloe. It would be a relief to have the thing over and his mind free to . . . to what? His thoughts had stumbled there a little, and he had a sensation of mental vertigo which, momentarily, was rather alarming. He must pull himself together and not be a romantic fool.

Chloe was waiting for him just as he had pictured her so often in her pretentious, over-upholstered flat, where all the chairs were voluptuous, all the doors curtained in velvet, all the lights heavily shaded, and Chloe herself never quite complete. If her hands were manicured her hair had not been waved; if her frock was a Wardour Street bargain of superlative value, ten to one she had a ladder in her stocking, and her handkerchiefs always smelt of last night's scent. She had been very pretty and always sure of a job in any of the West End beauty choruses, but now the Fate that dogs such flimsy stuff was overtaking Chloe; her spun-silk hair was too yellow and dry, her confidential chin not quite itself in profile, her soft little body just a shade too round in those spheres where modern managers like it to be boyish. Very soon she would have to retire or go on tour with second companies.

"Oh, boy!" she cried gladly when she saw who her visitor was, for she had known Dewar a long time, and in her way was very fond of him. He was one of the "decent sort," and had never let her down or been mean and stingy. She held out her arms to him now and put her head far back among the crushed tinsel cushions of the divan in an invitation which at one time he would have found quite irresistible. Her mouth was so beguiling with its tender, pouting lips, which always opened to be kissed like a hungry flower, and her eyes which asked greedily for it to be fed. Intrinsically, his hours with her might have been poor substitutes for the perfect beatitude of hallowed love, but they had not been quite without soul, and if he was ashamed of them now it was because he felt he might have appreciated the pity of her necessity and taken her less for granted.

When Chloe realised that her appeal had failed, and failed badly, she accepted it without umbrage and sat up briskly. The sudden change from the languor of her former attitude caused the flicker of a smile to move Dewar's mouth and light up his eyes.

"What's up?" she asked kindly, twisting one of the side-pieces of her hair with a damp finger to make it curl.

"Nothing, except . . . except that it's over." He sounded rather lame and shamefaced, standing just within her door, lean, brown, and unfamiliarly distant.

"Yes, I see that. Is it marriage?"—matter-of-factly.

"I don't think so."

"Religion?" she tried brightly.

He laughed outright, and Chloe shook her head as one who is confirmed in a mournful supposition.

"The sun—a touch of the sun, that's what it is. When you get over it—well, you know where to find me."

"You've been a good sort, Chloe, but it really is good-bye," and slipping a sealed envelope on her table he was gone. For a second or so the pretty face was downcast, and then acquisitive plump hands were stretched out for what he had left—she had no fears on the score of his generosity, but even at that she had hardly expected quite so much. She thrilled rapturously and chassèd to the crinolined lady who hid the telephone.

"Oh, Monty," she cooed, when the connection had been established, "I feel in a celebrating mood to-night. Where shall we go . . . ?"

"She was close beside him now—waiting for him—and waiting with that immovable persistence which is so hard to disabuse"

FROM the limpid and studiously unconcerned gaze of Helen's butler Dewar deduced he had been under discussion in the servants' hall, and his spine bristled with discomfort. But what they had said of him would be nothing to what they would say of him when it dawned upon them that he had played their mistress false. Helen's staff, needless to remark, remained the same from one year's end to another, with the possible exception of the kitchen-maid, for whom the cook was responsible—and their loyalty to Helen was almost a fetish.

To move through the quiet, perfectly appointed house in Aldridge Street was in the nature of a hushed and holy pilgrimage. No dogs or children disturbed its serenity, no evidence of everyday life but which was instantly removed by the servants; no individuality other than perfectly toned colour schemes to please the eye without disturbing the senses. The general effect on Dewar was to make him want to draw a deep breath, which he had never yet been able to do, so profound had been the oppression of his lungs.

In an upstairs room of greys and chilly greens, warmed by a log fire, and scented with bowls of pale daffodils, Helen waited for him in a gown of prophetic mauve. Hers was always the air of being just out of the hands of her maid, a sort of hard, glittering perfection such as Society photographers love to reproduce. She had been writing a letter, and added a word to it before she made official recognition of her visitor's entrance. Everything she did was calculated; indeed, to do otherwise would have been unpardonable gaucherie. Impulse had no part in Helen's life. The least human and most gentlemanly side of Dewar had been formerly enormously attracted by her as a wife who would get any man to the top of the tree in any profession, whom it would be sheer pride of possession to see seated at his table, whose absolute rightness would support him in any position. He had thought, quite seriously, that these attributes would be enough, combined as they were with an attractive face and form and her own evident regard for him. Enough? Less than nothing. How soulless he must have been to have even contemplated such a union with the widow of the impeccable Herbert, who had been twenty years older than his wife, and as dull a dog as one could meet.

"GLIVE it *is* nice to see you again!" She had taken his hands and was smiling at him with just the right mixture of friendliness and unaffected pleasure that the moment demanded. Her fair hair with its deep waves shone glass-like under the clear light from the crystal chandelier, her pointed features and skin of indoor whiteness, her eyes of a peculiarly depthless blue, small irised and pentrating, her lips of a curving thinness whose import no art could hide—all combined to give the impression of a cunningly fashioned mask. Somewhere there was hardness not of flesh, somewhere a coldness not of blood, and if those bright waves of hair had suddenly twisted themselves into writhing golden snakes Dewar felt his horror would have had no surprise in it.

"And you . . ." he responded, above the tenor of his thoughts.

'You are glad, too, then . . . ."

How like Helen that was! Trapping the unwary without compunction in the furtherance of her own plans. He knew quite well how she would have followed the thing out in her mind, lying propped up on silken cushions in her bed in the stillness of the night, her eyes never wavering from some point in the room on which she had fixed them, cold, flatly opaque like a reptile's; her mouth in those unwatched hours guarded and narrow. The raw material a major of artillery, personable, heir to a rich old uncle—the finished product Commander-in-Chief of the British Army. Herbert had been merely a stockbroker.

One hand still in one of his, she directed him to a deep couch drawn up before the hearth, and leaving him for a moment to sink down into its soft cushions, switched off the centre lights and left the lamp on her bureau as sole luminant. Of pink alabaster, it glowed with gentle radiance over the end of the couch at which Dewar sat and left the rest of the room to the uncertain flicker of the firelight. How very sure of him she was! She was close beside him now—waiting for him—and waiting with that immovable

persistence which is so hard to disabuse. Something very like panic clutched at his heart and made him draw his breath unevenly. Damned fool that he had been to let himself go as far as he had done at the end of his last leave—it had been nothing, but Helen had been in the mood to make the most of it because it suited her to do so. A perfectly spurious wave of sentiment had engulfed him as they drove home together from a theatre, he had caught her to him and laid his lips against her hair—that was all. He might have done it to almost any other woman, and they would have understood the waywardness of the prompting impulse. Not Helen.

"Look here," he began, awkwardly enough, "I think I ought to be going—it must be getting latish . . ."

"Hardly ten," she submitted in a level, even tone.

"I'm awfully sorry, but . . ."

Helen used only the lightest of lipsticks, but she had turned so pale that her mouth was like an unwholesome gash.

"Is she anybody I know?" she asked, with the smoothness of dangerous anger.

"It isn't that, it's just that I've changed . . ."

"I see."

Wildly, foolishly, he plunged into explanations. Incredible fabrications about something which had happened to him in Egypt . . . something vague about a statue and the moon . . . she hardly listened, it was all so absurd, and when he had come to an end of his inventiveness she said in a voice which had a nasty little covert smile behind it:

"You should be very careful never to go out without your sun helmet," and then she yawned.

MAL DE MAYOR! By Puys

And yet he was lonely. Not for the warm prodigality of Chloe's ardours, nor for the selfish kindness of Helen's affection, but for something which he could not explain to himself, let alone to anyone else. What seed of longing had the moon sown in him that night at Luxor? What the spell of the woman-thing of the small, round breasts, the close-pressed hips, the hidden eyes? The lure of the unattainable, was that it? Or had Fate lurked in the shadows of the tomb, and had it been Fate and not Chance which had been responsible for the encounter in the train? It was nearly morning before he slept, and high morning when he awoke with the grand sense of adventure which a great resolve brings to those who have the courage of their convictions. With that look in his blue eyes which his men knew to mean the most unflinching attention to the duty in hand, with a footfall of determined, heel-emphasised ring, he set forth in a noon of remote white clouds and piercing sunlight to prosecute a wooing of the most quixotic capriciousness ever conceived by a distinguished member of His Majesty's forces. At Charing Cross he sought and found a certain taxi man, and the taxi man, his memory refreshed, remembered the lady quite well and the address to which he had driven her.

"Then drive me there, too," commanded Dewar, "but first take me to a post office."

He went hot and cold in turns all over as he searched through the directory, which, like a dictionary, can be very alphabetically confusing to a flurried mind. He felt that if he found her name to be Jones he would go completely mad. Whatever it was it mustn't be Jones. It wasn't. It was "French, Miss U." He approved of that, and, much relieved, returned to his taxi.

She lived in Kensington. An old-fashioned house in a backwater, rather hemmed in by the high walls of other people's gardens, rather shadowed by the branches of other people's trees, but for all that a little house of decidedly definite character. The middle-aged servant eyed him with interest, but not suspicion, and ushered him into a hall with a warm, home-like smell. She took his hat and stick from him with an assurance which suggested to him that gentlemen callers were not infrequent—well, why should they be? And then, with a pleasant smile, opened a door and announced, "Major Dewar, Miss Ursula."

Ursula French was sitting by the fire, some knitting in her lap, and as he entered she stood up, but without advancing, her head turned inquiringly towards him; her eyes, almost amber, very clear, very beautiful, holding the same impersonal quality he remembered to have heard in her voice, and although he could see them now there was something hidden about them still. It was not that they were not frank; it was not that they were secretive . . . it was an indefinable "hush" over them, if such an expression could be used.

"I wanted . . . I wanted to see you again so much."

"Yes?" Her tone was quite cordial, but it was evident she was puzzled. "Won't you sit down and explain to me where we met?"

"We travelled together."

"Of course, I understand now. Did you wonder how I got there? I asked the ticket collector to put me into your compartment . . . you see, I was all boxed up with some fussy women and I knew they'd get sympathetic presently and worry me, so I asked the collector if there was a really sensible-looking man on the train, and he said Yes, but that he was asleep—so I thought, Well, if he's asleep he won't worry me until I'm ready to worry him; because you might have had to help me—that's how I came to be there. Did you mind when you woke up and found me? I felt you did."

"You gave me a bit of a start," he admitted, "I'd been dreaming, and I thought you were somebody you weren't. . . . I got you all mixed up in my mind with Nefertari, who's been dead thousands of years . . . I . . . you seemed . . . God! What an ass you must think me!"

"I don't," she said, very quietly, "Tell me why I'm like Nefertari?"

"Because you're not like any other woman," he came out with desperately; because you're cool and aloof; because the thoughts of your soul cannot be captured and your eyes are hidden . . . because I love you."

"Are you sure it isn't pity?"

"Pity?"

She stood up with a proud lift of her chin which the outstretched supplication of her arms negatived with a beautiful hesitancy, and her voice held the brave quiver of a child who is afraid of its own fear of the dark.

"You see I am blind."

A. A.

IN LIFE'S MORNING MARCH

Marcus Adams

LADY JANE DOUGLAS

A new and unpublished photograph of the younger daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Queensberry, who is four years old

Marcus Adams

ANN HOSKINS

The only daughter of General Sir Reginald Hoskins, K.C.B., and Lady Hoskins, R.R.C. Her father, who is Principal of the Bonar Law Memorial College, was Commander-in-Chief of the East African Forces in the Great War

Douglas

JEAN EVAN SMITH

The younger daughter of Mrs. Evan Smith, of Streatham

Marcus Adams

ALETHEA HOWARD

The only daughter of the Hon. Henry and Mrs. Fitz-Alan-Howard. Her father is the son and heir of Viscount Fitz-Alan of Derwent

FILM NOTES

Basil Gill and Edgar Bruce, as Sir Peter Teazle and Sir Oliver Surface, in a scene which is, of course, entirely in keeping with the spirit of Sheridan! Produced by Maurice Elvey, this talkie colour version of "The School For Scandal" has just been completed at Elstree

AN AMOROU SENTIMENTA

By Lio

VICTOR McLAGLEN appears without his old sparring partner, Edmund Lowe, in "On the Level," which is now running at the Tivoli, and is slightly more circumspect in speech, although he retains all his old amorous propensities. William Harrigan, who forms the foil for McLaglen's repartee, is presented as a faithful friend, and not as a much-loved enemy, so that slanging matches do not reach the same heights of vulgarity as they did in "What Price Glory?" and "The Cockeyed World."

PERSONALLY, I found that "On the Level" was rather more enjoyable because of this. Moreover, it is more human and has a better developed plot. The star, as a steel riveter, is given exactly the same bounderish character as he has had in his recent pictures. As he says himself, "I don't know why the women fall for me so. Sometimes it frightens me." It frightens me, too, to see an actor with the possibilities of Victor McLaglen condemned to play the same rôle again and again. It is quite time he got out of the rut before it is too late and he is incapable of playing anything else.

ANYWAY, Irving Cummings' direction is very good, and he unfolds the story of how the steel riveter falls for the wiles of a woman who manages to get him to sell bogus real estate to his fellow-workers very well indeed. How he eventually realises that he is being fooled, and gets back the money with the assistance of a little New Orleans girl he has left flat, is also cleverly produced and distinctly humorous. It is not a one-man picture, for, while McLaglen often holds the stage, a lot of the picture's success is due to the acting of Lilyan Tashman, Fifi Dorsay, and William Harrigan.

Sir Peter, complete with nightcap and candle, pays a nocturnal visit to Lady Teazle (Madeleine Carroll). Basil Gill, whose wonderful voice records so well, plays Sir Peter Teazle in "The School For Scandal"

LILYAN TASHMAN is most entertaining as the "refaned" crook who suffers agonies when subjected to the rough treatment which the steel riveter regards as having the best time possible. Fifi Dorsay, a French girl, brings her vivid personality to bear with great advantage. Her fits of temper and determination to marry the man who had deserted her are as human as they are amusing. In addition to the acting, the director has managed to include some excellent shots of a skyscraper in the course of erection whereon men walk like so many flies along girders at a horrific height from the ground. I almost felt dizzy as I watched them.

ANOTHER picture with out-of-door locations which will probably be seen soon at the Plaza is "The Texan," an adaptation of an O. Henry story, "The Double Dyed Deceiver." Unfortunately, I have not read the book, but I feel certain that the film is not remarkably like it; there is very little of the characteristic O. Henry touch. Nevertheless, it is good entertainment, combining sentimentality with excellent action. It is not necessarily convincing, but it keeps one interested, while the beautiful Texan and South American locations please the eye.

BRIEFLY, the story tells of a bandit who pretends to be the long-lost son of a wealthy widow in order to get her money. He discovers that a man he had shot for cheating at cards was her son, and, breaking with his companions, he protects her from them and keeps up the deception. Of course, there is a love inter-

RIVETER and a BANDIT

Tollier

est daintily supplied by Fay Wray as the widow's niece.

THE bandit is well played by Gary Cooper, but he is in danger of letting his characteristic immobility go too far, until it almost reaches a point of woodenness. His riding is as delightful as ever; he has one of the easiest seats of all the Western heroes and a grace in the saddle that is always a pleasure to watch. A clever piece of characterisation, perhaps a shade overdone in sentimentality, is given by Emma Dunn as the mother, while Oscar Apfel makes an excellent villain of the deepest dye.

AFTER the welter of all-singing, all-dancing, all-talking, all-blither pictures with which we have been threatened to be overwhelmed, it is a pleasure to note the increase of out-of-doors features. Amongst the most notable to date have been "In Old Arizona," the first successfully to accomplish out-of-door recording, "Under a Texas Moon," "The Bad One," "Beau Bandit," "Only the Brave," and "Three Bad Men." This means we get action, and action is the life blood of the kinema.

FEW British films have been shown to the trade recently, but next week I hope to be able to deal with three new features. "The 'W' Plan," "Young Woodley," and "Suspense." An addition, of great interest, is Emil Jannings' first appearance here, since talkies came into existence, in a bi-lingual film, directed by Josef von Sternberg, entitled "The Blue Angels."

"Now be a good girl and do as you're told!" Basil Gill, as Sir Peter Teazle, instructs Dodo Watts, as Maria, in another scene from the film version of "The School For Scandal"

BY the way, Betty Balfour's first talkie, "The Brat," is on at the Capitol. In it the popular British star returns to the Cockney characterisation that made a name for her in the "Squibs" series. It is good entertainment, and, incidentally, was produced by Miss Balfour's own company. I wish her the very best of luck, for she deserves it.

I HAVE always maintained that in spite of the advent of the talkies there is room for good silent pictures. There is certainly a place for such features as "The White Hell of Pitz Palu," which has recently had a short run at the Regal and will probably have a longer one at the Rialto. It is a German picture taken by D. A. Fanck, who was responsible for another mountaineering film, "The Wrath of the Gods," in which the Engadine was the actual location. Realism is its strong point, and while the story of a man who loses his young wife while attempting the ascent of Pitz Palu, and then sacrifices his own for another young couple who insist on making an attempt, is not very strong, it is very convincing. We are shown a conflict between man and nature, with some of the most beautiful natural camera work showing the Alps in all their moods I have ever seen.

THE actors, with the exception of Zeni Riefentahl, who is a danseuse, and Mizzi Gotzal, are all mountaineers, while the airman who searches the district to find the missing party is the famous German war ace, Ernst Adet. His flying provides one of the most thrilling incidents in a picture full of beauty and dramatic intensity.

A scene from "Enter Sir John," the British International Pictures' bi-lingual production which Alfred Hitchcock is directing at Elstree. Phyllis Konstam and Herbert Marshall are seen on the extreme left

Another scene from "Enter Sir John," the bi-lingual film now being produced at Elstree

IN NAPOLEON'S ISLE — CORSICA

WHERE NELSON LOST HIS EYE

A view of the picturesque port of Calvi. It was during the siege of the fortress of Calvi that Lord Nelson lost his eye

THE romantic island of Corsica, which in the past was rather "off the map" for holiday makers, has now come into its own and is increasing rapidly in popularity. Beautiful scenery and historic associations make it a delightful holiday centre.

One of the quaint corners in the old town of Bastia. This is the largest town on the island and is its commercial hub

M. FRAISSENET

The head of the steamship company of that name, whose luxurious vessels do the journey from Marseilles or Nice to Calvi or Ajaccio in from 6 to 8 hours

THE "ISLE OF BEAUTY"

Photographs, Topical

A view of the beautiful scenery below Ospedale. The rugged wooded hills with the misty coast and mountains beyond present a picture of singular charm. Corsica has been called the "Isle of Beauty," and as the above photograph proves, she fully deserves such a title

PARIS GOSSIP

"There is nothing to prevent her from taking on the equivalent to her brothers' title"

PARTIES AND PRINCES

By Sylvia Lyon

WHO gave Elsa Maxwell's party? Some people said that they were going to a costume party given by Elsa Maxwell, and others said that they were going to the Honourable Mrs. Reginald Fellowes' party; while still others said that Elsa Maxwell was giving a party at Mrs. Fellowes' new house in the Rue Saint James at Neuilly. And, as the guests were requested to come disguised as some Parisian personality, I suppose that, to carry out this idea of identity exchange, when Elsa Maxwell said that she was giving a party she was only joking, as she meant that Mrs. Fellowes was giving it.

ANYHOW, what with all the acrobats performing in the illuminated garden, and the can-can dancers from the Tabarin, and the cors-de-chasse blowing away from behind the trees, nobody seemed able to find the hostess. And although it would be difficult for Miss Maxwell to disguise herself, even as a hostess, she was content to appear as Briand.

People who inquired for that necessary factor, the party-giver, from an old woman who sat patiently knitting in the ladies' dressing-room, found, to their surprise, that Mrs. Fellowes had gone to her party without going to it at all. For she was disguised as a nice little Parisian bourgeoise, and, although she did greet some of her guests, Mrs. Fellowes evidently became tired and sat in the dressing-room. So some people insisted that she represented the lady of the lavabo, the Parisian character hilariously preserved for eternity in Anita Loos' book: "But They Marry Brunettes."

THE Princesse Edmond de Polignac appeared as Tristan Bernard, Stanislas de la Rochefoucauld as Madame Marthe Letellier, and the Comtesse Jean de Polignac as Paul-Boncour. Jean-Michel Frank, the interior decorator, wore the dress and jewels of the Vicomtesse de Noailles, which I think is a sinister symbol of what happens to people who engage such costly interior decorators as Jean-Michel Frank.

There was an entrée devoted to Colette, the novelist; Francis Poulenc, the composer, came as Chèri, and Georges Auric, the composer, as Madame Peloux, while Colette herself came as Lea, one of her own characters. When the Marchesa Casati was announced everybody exclaimed, "What a wonderful disguise!" But she turned out to be the Marchesa Casati, who had appeared as herself, as also did Edouard Bourdet, the author of "Le Sexe Faible," accompanied by Olivier of the Ritz, who is now, and for ever, stamped as the central character of Bourdet's play.

A FEW evenings later Mrs. Fellowes really gave a party, given by the Honourable Mrs. Reginald Fellowes, née Dècazes, in honour of her daughter, Mademoiselle Emmeline de Broglie. And, may I state right now, that no matter what newspapers say, as, for example, upon the presentation at Court of Mademoiselle de Broglie in London last month, in France a young girl should never use a title.

The only time a jeune fille is supposed to use a family title is when she is no longer a jeune fille; I mean, of course, in the Anglo-Saxon, and not the French, sense, which is quite another thing.

Then, by some peculiar arrangement, providing she is religiously inclined, she can have herself made a chanoinesse of some religious order, which automatically gives her the privilege of calling herself Madame, and then there is nothing to prevent her from taking on the equivalent to her brothers' title.

THE last time I heard of anybody doing this was when one of the Castellane girls found herself too old to be known as Mademoiselle Marthe de Castellane. So she had herself made a chanoinesse, and, as this degree of nun no longer exists in France, she is entitled to call herself the Comtesse Marthe de Castellane.

THE Abbé Mugnier was at the second of the Fellowes' parties, but I am not going to talk any more about parties. The Abbé is a marvellous old priest who works all day

Lo Hesse and Joachim de Seenitz, two German dancers who are drawing all Paris to the Paramount Theatre. They are seen in their "Light and Shadow" dance, which is performed to the Danse Macabre music

in his rather poor parish, and dines out every night. He must be nearly eighty years old now, and wears his poverty like a flower. He begs people not to talk about their souls, but some years ago, when a luncheon was given in honour of a great Japanese actress, the first thing the Abbé asked her was, "How do they sin in Japan?"

He tells the most amusing stories, never repeats himself, and is considered one of the finest authorities on Chateaubriand; he converted Huysmans, which must have been a difficult undertaking, and has a most youthful and keen curiosity and a truly divine sense of humour.

The Abbé is the son of a provincial architect, and was born in the tower of a chateau his father was restoring. However, one day not long ago some catty creature said that the Abbé Mugnier was the son of a concièrge. This was repeated to the old chanoine, who, not deigning to deny it, merely said, "A concierge? Well, isn't Saint Peter a concierge?"

S

THE police inspector who for eighteen months was on watch before the house in the Boulevard Bineau at Neuilly, where Prince Carol lived, will now be able to take a rest. He always complained that the automobile provided by the Prefect of Police could never keep up with the royal exile's car, but his surveillance was sufficiently annoying to become one of the causes for Prince Carol moving to a chateau in Normandy.

DURING the new King's residence at Neuilly, or, later, in the country, he was rarely seen in Paris. The only time I ever saw him was when one day walking along the Avenue Victor Hugo I saw ahead of me Prince Carol with his aide. They finally stopped before a shop specialising in imported groceries, and the aide dashed in to buy, my over-curious eyes discovered, a kilo of pretzels!

Theatrical managers were constantly offering loges to the Prince, who always returned the invitation with a note saying that he was too occupied with business affairs. He never was seen at places where personalities usually gather, such as the opening days of important exhibitions. He was seen lunching one day, accompanied by four men, at Fouquet's. A journalist tried to lead him to the bar, but he refused, saying that he had promised not to drink.

S

ONE night, with great secrecy, a table was reserved for him at the Café de Paris. Through some mysterious channels two strange women heard about it, and appeared, all dressed up, and claiming the table next to Prince Carol's, who was alone with one man. Both women tried their best to start a flirtation, without success. Finally one had to give up, and left in time to appear for her rôle in a near-by theatre.

The other remained, but soon her eyes were overworked, for all Prince Carol did was to stare ahead stony-faced, while he dejectedly played with bread-crumbs.

One of the last persons to see him in Paris was an old friend, Madame Elvire Popescu, the actress, with whom he dined a few hours before leaving for Roumania.

S. L.

LUCERNE'S BATHING FASHION PARADE

Two original designs seen at the Bathing Fashion Parade recently held at Lucerne

Photographs

A Javanesque effect was provided by the conical straw hat, bright coatee and trousers which constitute the attractive costume seen above

A nautical air is lent to this ensemble by the white sailor hat, blouse with an anchor worked upon it, and trousers with a broad stripe down the seams

Topical

Another original and becoming design which attracted considerable attention. The bell-bottomed trousers and close-fitting cap lend charm to this model

"STARS" AT SPORTING EVENTS

L.N.A.

P. and A.

IN these three photographs of sporting and social events reproduced on this page are five persons selected haphazard round whose head a star has been placed. The Editor will have great pleasure in sending to each of these a guinea as the penalty of being "starred" if they will kindly send him their names and addresses. Their identity should be verified by two friends, who need only sign the application and give their addresses. Applications should be made within a week of publication except in the case of photographs taken abroad.

Top: Some of the gallery following R. T. Jones, the winner of the British Open Golf Championship, round the course at Hoylake

Centre: Lawn tennis enthusiasts watching a match on the Centre Court at Wimbledon

Right : Boulter's Lock crowded with boats and spectators on Ascot Sunday

G.P.U.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

By CLEMENCE DANE — "The Water Gipsies," By A. P. Herbert (Methuen: 7s. 6d.)

"A. P. H." is a household word. His *Topsy* is immortal, his charwomen rival Mr. Belcher's: he is Punch's darling child. But, because he can make us laugh whenever he likes, and because we love laughing, we sometimes forget that he is not only a humorist but a novelist of importance (let alone a poet!). Long before the glut of War novels he wrote *The Secret Battle*, a story so masterly, so moving, that, in the opinion of many competent judges, it ranks with *Undertones of War* and *All Our Yesterdays*. It would be better known if, like so many big things, it had not been born just a little ahead of its time. Again, it was just a little before the craze for shockers fairly began that "A. P. H." published the brilliantly original murder story, *The House on the River*.

MR. A. P. HERBERT EN VACANCE

The photograph, which shows the author at the helm, was taken on the Grand Union Canal

In his new book, *The Water Gipsies*, "A. P. H." is once more incorrigibly experimental; for here is a novel so completely old-fashioned that it strikes one as the very latest thing! Laughter, tears, a good plot, a murder, unrequited love, and Cinderella for the heroine—what could be more old-fashioned? Night clubs, the river police, artists' models, Socialism, the cinemas, greyhound racing—what could be more up to date? Yet the book has a dream-like quality in spite of its modernity and its naturalness and its fun. We wander along canals in barges, after the idyllic fashion of Mr. Toad in *The Wind in the Willows*, and, though there are tragedies and tears, adventures in Bohemia, and the murder of an unwanted husband by Cinderella herself, we know that we shall return to the barge and a happy ending in the last chapter.

Cinderella-Jane is a housemaid, a daughter of a broken-down theatrical manager. She lives on a barge in fact and at "the pictures" in fancy. Indeed, she translates her own daily life into terms of film-fairyland, and is astonished that one world won't fit into the other. But when her life does turn into film drama she doesn't even know it.

She is, of course, the heroine of Mr. Herbert's *Riverside Nights* song: "It may be life, but ain't it slow?" But in the revue we were only given a sketch of her; in *The Water Gipsies* we have her full-length portrait.

On the whole, it is a pathetic portrait. The "laughs" go to her sister Lily. Lily's account of her own seduction is much funnier than anything written by Topsy herself, which is saying much. And the men are as good as the women. Mr. Bryan, indeed, the wicked artist who turns out to be such a kindly, harmless, and altogether irreproachable villain is, perhaps, the most convincing thing in the book, when he might so easily have been the one cardboard figure. Jane has a heartache over him and his incorrigible common-sense, but finally settles down contentedly with the kind, stupid, faithful bargee, Fred, while the lover-not-to-be escapes thankfully from the wiles of all women with another sort of water-gipsy.

"A. P. H." has given us the sort of thing that the Victorians knew how to concoct, but that nobody has manufactured since—a rich, enchanting fairy-tale of real life. Take *The Wind in the Willows* and the best Trollopes, flavour with Miss Braddon and Louisa Alcott, add a pepper of "A. P. H.'s" own Topsy, and let the cooking be attended to by a humorist who understands human nature and is in love with all the divine commonplaces of life, and you will have some sort of an idea of the charm of *The Water Gipsies*.

And the pretty story is completed by its background of life on a canal barge. We have been hearing a good deal about bargees lately, and of the attempts in various quarters to put an end to the family life of the water gipsies by insisting that the children must stay on shore for their schooling. I wish that Mrs. Green and Fred could be introduced into the House of Commons to give their views. Though Fred could neither read nor write, I think he would win a good deal of support. So would Mrs. Higgins, the landlady of the Black Swan, fighting for her existence and that of her inn.

"I wish," said Mrs. Higgins, eyeing her kingdom with a gentle bitterness, "these Mr. Busies would spend an evening in this garden, or even in the bar, and then turn round and tell me I'm a haunt of wickedness. Do you ever see a man go off these premises the worse for his glass, Mr. Bell? Did you ever see Old Ned reeling home in his cups?"

"I can't say that I did."

"Not once in a month of Sundays It isn't for the beer they come here, I always say, Mr. Bell—well, they come for that, of course, I won't tell no lies, but it's the company and the conversation that draws them just as much. As I said to Mr. Peacock yesterday, This house is the poor man's Carlton, I said, and the Carlton has no trouble about licences, that I will swear. And I can prove my words," said Mrs. Higgins, now generously warmed by her convictions . . . "there's old Andrew, can't hardly walk, but here he is three nights a week, though he passes three houses on the way. Well, do you mean to tell me, Mr. Bell, that it's the beer that brings him?"

"It isn't the beer," said Mr. Bell, gravely, "so much as the bonhomy."

"You've hit it," said Mrs. Higgins with approval. "And, if you ask me, there's more harm done by betting on horses than what there is by the drink. . . . Yet one they call 'the sport of kings,'" she continued, "and the other's the poor man's wickedness. Sauce for the goose, sauce for the gander, I say."

There is a fairy tale called *The Goose Girl at the Well*. Mr. Herbert has retold the story of that goose girl and her geese and ganders, her Prince Charming, and Colin the shepherd—but the sauce is all his own.

STAGGERING INTO QUEENSTOWN

A THRILLING VOYAGE ON A SQUARE-RIGGER

The Grace Harwar rolling in a lee sea on the voyage from Wallaroo, Australia, to Queenstown via Cape Horn. Mr. Villiers in his book, "By Way of Cape Horn" (Geoffrey Bles), tells how he shipped before the mast to get a motion picture rounding the Horn. He got the "motion" all right!

The Grace Harwar proceeding under full sail, photographed from the weather side

"The Finnish three-master Grace Harwar arrived here from Wallaroo, Australia, with a cargo of wheat. The voyage was rather prolonged but uneventful."

THIS was the simple announcement in an Irish newspaper on arrival of the Grace Harwar at Queenstown, but behind it is a story of adventure, romance and tragedy. In "By Way of Cape Horn," A. J. Villiers describes how he and an Australian cinematographer, Ronald Walker, shipped before the mast to make a motion picture of a sailing ship rounding Cape Horn; to try to catch some wisp of the spirit of these sailing ships; some semblance of the romance of these voyagers. They wanted to bring to the screen something of the loveliness which it lacks. But far from being uneventful, the journey lasted over five months; they encountered mountainous seas; Walker was killed at his work; the ship was driven far out of its course, and was delayed in tropic calm. The Grace Harwar must have been a wonderful old ship to come through that voyage. She came from the Clyde before the 90's, and was the last of the Cape Horn full-riggers in the Australian trade. When Walker died the author, despite tremendous difficulties, carried on alone. The tantalising thing was that it was not until when nearing home that any developing could be done. All lovers of the sea and adventure will enjoy reading this book, which is published by Geoffrey Bles, and the film, which is entitled "Windjammers," to be shown at the end of this month, is something to look forward to with keen anticipation.

Always wet decks and running heavily even in good weather. The Grace Harwar running before the wind on her voyage to Queenstown

"REAL SAILORS' WORK"
Getting in the mainsail in a freshening breeze

FLYING NOTES

THE KING'S CUP DAY AT HANWORTH

Barratts

A remarkable action photograph of parachutists practising descents for the R.A.F. Pageant at Hendon The figure in the foreground is seen pulling the rip cord of his parachute immediately on clearing the wings of the 'plane

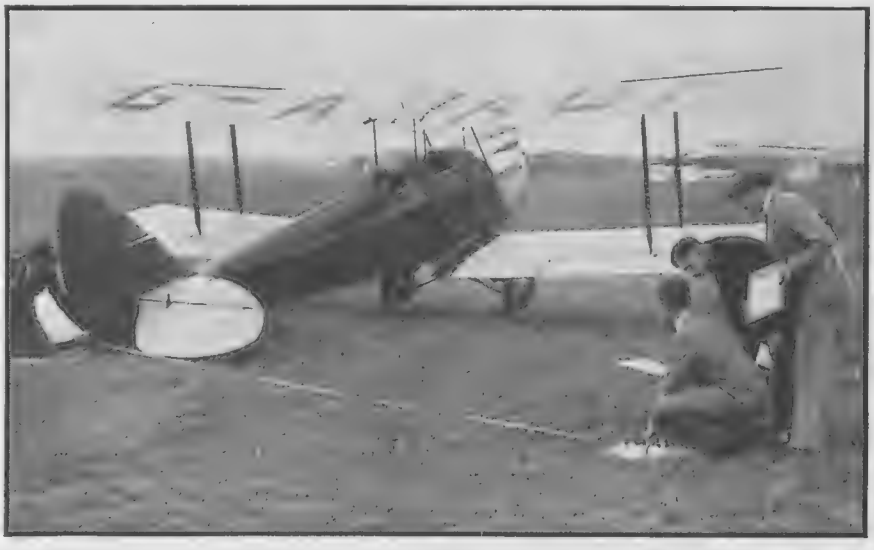
By Capt. C. E. Ward

Overheard on the Tarmac

THE new Avro Monoplane is represented by two entries, one with the latest Hermes engine and the other with a Genet. The type has been designed from the well-known Avian, and as this has always been one of the fastest of the light 'planes great things are expected from the racing model, which will have its public demonstration for the first time on Saturday. Three standard Desoutter sports machines are entered, one of which is the Mark II model with an inverted Gipsy engine, entered by Lord Rothermere. It is not known how much faster the Mark II model will prove than its predecessor or whether it is faster than the Puss Moth. Two directors of the Spartan Aircraft Company are flying their own machines, Lt.-Col. L. A. Strange, D.S.O., and Captain H. H. Balfour, who is, I think, the only member of Parliament in the race. The Hon. Lady Bailey remains faithful to the Gipsy Moth, whilst Sq.-Ldr. Slatter, the Master of Sempill, Captain Norman Blackburn, Fl.-Lt. Waghorn and Mr. Loel Guinness form a strong contingent on Bluebirds. Mr. and Mrs. Alan Butler have returned from S. America in time to take part; the former is piloting a Puss Moth, with his wife on a Gipsy Moth. Commander Glen Kidston and Captain de Havilland have Puss Moths, whilst Sq.-Ldr. Orlebar, holder of the world's speed record, and Lord Douglas Hamilton, are two further supporters of the Bluebird. The principal light engine manufacturers, Armstrong Siddeley, De Havilland, and Cirrus, will have expert mechanics available at the control points to cope with any emergency.

The Bookies and the Pilots

ACCORDING to the betting forecast I have received from a well-known firm of commission agents, pilots are considered of more importance than machines. The shortest prices are tens, and the longest 66 to 1 against, with fluctuations of as much as 30 to 1 between a famous pilot and one who is unknown, both flying the same type. Personally, I fancy a Puss Moth with one of the Avro Monoplanes for a place.



Planet News

Judging one of the competitors in the landing competition, which was a feature at the Brigade of Guards Flying Meeting. This took place recently at Heston Air Park

A Gala Day at Hanworth

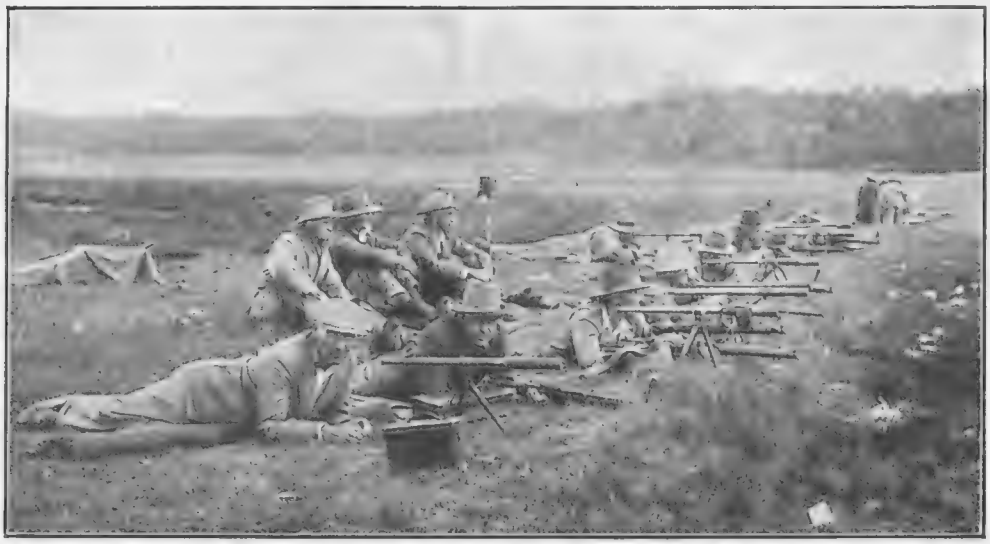
NORMAL business and club life will give place to racing, displays, feasting and dancing on Saturday next, the occasion being King's Cup Day. The first machines get away at 7 a.m., and the winner is expected to pass the finishing line about 5 p.m. Members of the Royal Aero Club and N.F.S. Clubs are admitted to Hanworth free on presentation of the club badge, whilst members of all other clubs pay 5s. Admission to the enclosures is free to private owners and friends arriving by air, but in all cases tickets should be obtained in advance from the club secretaries. Public enclosures will also be available by ticket from the usual agents, with meals and fully licensed liquids on tap in the usual marquees. A special dinner and dance will be held in the evening for members and friends.

The Southern Cross

THERE was no "hit and miss" business about Kingsford Smith's fine flight to America, notwithstanding the fact that he had to spend some hours retracing his course in the fog to find the aerodrome at Harbour Grace, Newfoundland. It is interesting to note that he landed at the departure point of Alcock and Brown, who made the first trans-Atlantic flight more than ten years ago. Machines and methods have changed a little since those days just after the War; when everything was a makeshift and people flew in open cockpits with no wireless and no proper navigating facilities. Kingsford Smith and his three companions had the comfort of a cabin and were in wireless communication with ships or the shore practically the whole time. Their preparations were made with great care, and no one with a knowledge of the facts had any doubt that they would get across safely, barring extreme bad luck, but there was always a chance that they would not make New York owing to shortage of petrol. Fog is still the greatest enemy of all things that fly, except, perhaps, airships, and it will be some years yet before we achieve a combination of instruments which will lead an airman to his landing ground without visual assistance of any kind when faced with this difficulty.

WILLS'S
'GOLD FLAKE'
SATISFY.
The value is in the Cigarettes

MUST ROOKS BE SHOT?



Keystone

The Rhodesian team who are among the overseas visitors to Bisley this year. They are seen practising on the range in preparation for the National Rifle Association meeting

MUST ROOKS BE SHOT?

To the Editor of THE BYSTANDER.

Sir,—The well-meaning but misguided and unsophisticated compiler of "The Much Maligned Rook" was not alluding to "fliers," but to the nestlings who receive a shower of fire from the farmers' shot-guns when too weak to come out of the nest, and to those who are "shot at" as they sit on the edge of the nest, with rifles not showing real accuracy, and who fall in wounded to die of starvation. Such un-English butchery has been seen by far too many lovers of fair play to be refuted. "Clodhopper's" attempt to skate over the subject, and allude to "fliers" only, does not deceive anyone. If he has seen "fliers" shot only during a rook-killing orgy, his knowledge of rook shooting in the nesting season must, indeed, be limited. Has he not seen these helpless creatures shot with revolvers? If not, reports in the Soviet Press and *The Field* might enlighten him.

With regard to the utility of the rook, it is beyond dispute, not only in England, but in France. Can "Clodhopper" name any noted ornithologist, field-naturalist, or scientific ornithologist who considers the rook "a pest"? We are told by the last named that "the actual percentage of eggs of game birds is very small taken by rooks." "For thirty years," says an extensive breeder of show poultry, in the Northumberland Press, "I reared about 300 every year, and though the coops were all under a rookery I only had one bird killed, and that a sickly one," so it is self-evident that all rooks do not take eggs! The Council of Agriculture for England, in advocating legislation for rabbits, made *no reference* to rooks. We learn from the late Minister of Agriculture that "there is a division of opinion among farmers, some looking upon rooks as valuable allies." When rooks were under the avenging and pitiless searchlight of Parliamentary inquiry in 1928 the Select Committee (House of Lords) reported that the wholesale killing of rooks under D.O.R.A. was followed by a plague of "insect pests." This has happened on five occasions. We learn from the Report of the Select Committee that the anti-rook farmer had to admit, "I agree fully the rook does a lot of good, and that these birds do leave the newly sown fields for the plough." When pressed he had to admit, "It is very difficult for a farmer to account for why he has a crop destroyed." Possibly this is why the ignorant anti-rook farmers blame these useful birds, which they appear to judge on their face value. It is lucky for England that some farmers give a word of warning at their N.F.U. meetings and say, "If too many rooks were destroyed there would be a large increase in wireworm, with disastrous effects to the crops." If rooks are "pests" they must be "pests" to the insects, grubs, and mice. One writer does say, "In industry the farmer has few such friends, in the insect world such foes." T. S. HAWKINS.

To the Editor of THE BYSTANDER.

Sir,—Mr. T. S. Hawkins' criticism of my recent notes—on rooks and rook shooting—contains so much matter of a more or less superficial nature that it occurs to me that the most satisfactory form of reply is that which I am about to adopt. May I, however, before proceeding further, assure Mr. Hawkins, and the League for the Prohibition of Cruel Sports, of which, I believe, he is a prominent member, that I advocate the annual "thinning out" of young rooks to within reasonable limits, from a purely economic point of view, and not from sheer lust of slaughter—a thing abhorrent to every sportsman worthy the title—as Mr. Hawkins would appear to imply. I would also mention that my censure upon the destructive propensities of rooks on cultivated lands, game preserves, and poultry runs, are founded upon years of close personal observation and study of those birds during various seasons of the year, supported by data afforded by agriculturist game-preservers, keepers, and poultry rearers of long practical experience.

Mr. Hawkins accuses me of "attempting to skate over the question of shooting "branchers" (or, as he has it, "nestlings.") If that gentleman will take the trouble to refer to THE BYSTANDER of April 23 last, he will find that I mention both "fliers and branchers." Personally I have never shot, nor heard of a rookery being shot until between the 10th and 15th May, by which time even the latest broods of young birds are sufficiently strong to leave the nests and perch on the branches of the trees. Mr. Hawkins asks if I have not seen young rooks shot with revolvers? I never have, nor does the idea appeal to me.

From the trend of Mr. Hawkins' letter one might think that I condemn the rook as a feathered felon, possessed of not one single redeeming virtue. Such, however, is not the case. In my Notes already referred to I state very clearly that these birds do a great amount of good on the land, inasmuch as they devour vast quantities of insect life noxious to agriculture, fruit growing, and market gardening, but one has yet to meet the *practical* agriculturist who would agree with Mr. Hawkins in that rooks should be protected by law during the close season. The species will increase and multiply to such an extent, that even a few years of protection for it under the Wild Birds' Protection Acts would prove disastrous to the agricultural industry, and a menace to game and poultry rearing wherever extensive rookeries obtained. To bear out my statement to the effect that the annual shooting of rookeries should be regarded as an economic necessity, I quote the following extract from that famous ornithologist and scientist Dr. Walter E. Collinge's article "The Rook, Its Relation to the Farmer, Fruit Grower and Forester," published in the journal of the Ministry of Agriculture during December, 1920: "The conclusion we arrive at respecting the economic position of the rook, therefore, is that there are now too many of their species in the country, and, as a result, too many birds feeding upon the same kind of food in a given area; in consequence the rook has taken to feeding upon cultivated crops. History shows that this has happened again and again. Repressive measures are taken to reduce the number of birds, and for some years we hear no complaint about them injuring crops, but if permitted again to increase above a certain degree they again become injurious. Therefore at the present time we strongly advocate repressive measures."

"CLODHOPPER"

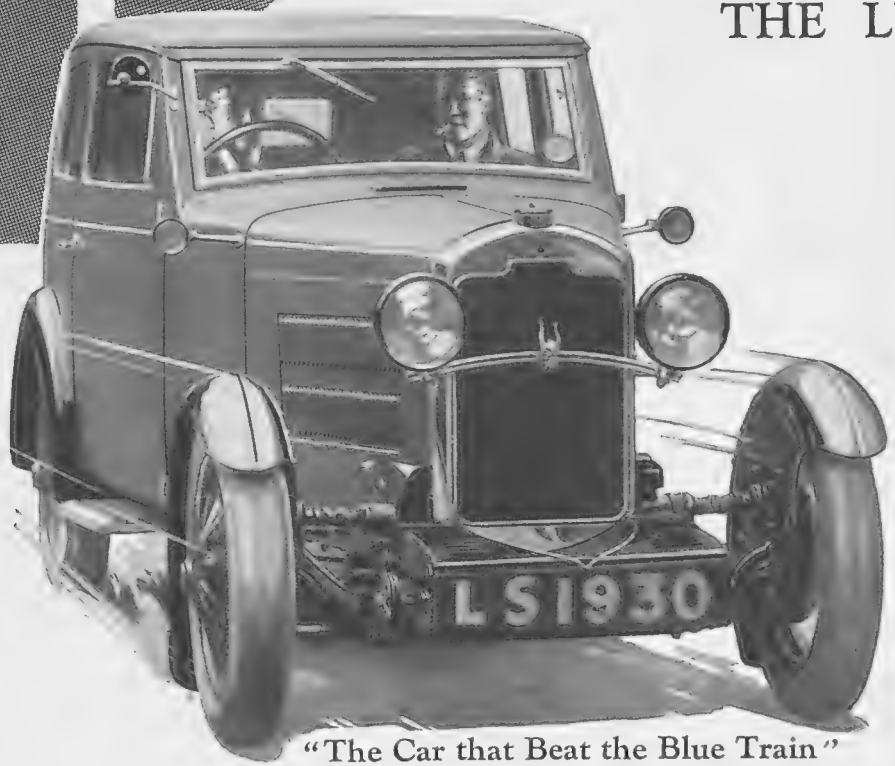
MAX BAKER'S SHOOTING NOTE

STUDY THE ROOT CROPS

THOSE who watch the progress of crops will have noticed in the early weeks of June, nicely tended fields which at first sight look bare, but on closer examination reveal thin lines of green. Men have been at work with the hoe reducing the growth to single plants the ordained distance apart. This is the beginning of root crops; in their mature stage they form the pivot of operations against the partridge. According to where the covert they afford is situated and the growth they attain by the autumn so will birds be easy or difficult to manage. Turnips are more precious than usual, owing to farmers having reduced the area devoted to potatoes. At the moment there is a sufficient store of moisture in the ground to ensure them a good start. Their progress will be watched with special interest in the months to come and a plan of operations drawn up to suit their locale. If both birds and roots prosper the cup will be overflowing hence all the more need to make the best of what shelter is available and, where absent but much needed, to devise a substitute. The prophets are already promising a bountiful season. There is always an "if" (such as devastating thunderstorms), but daily observation will assess its possibilities.

PERFORMANCE

THE LIGHT SIX ROVER



"The Car that Beat the Blue Train"

—will exceed 70 miles an hour
—will average 24 miles per gallon
—will climb a hill of 1 in 2½ gradient
—will pull up from 30 m.p.h. in 11 yards
—will accelerate from 10 to 30 m.p.h. in 12 secs. on top gear
—has 16 h.p. six-cylinder engine
—has a Two Years' Guarantee
—has a genuine Weymann body

The model illustrated above is the SPORTSMAN'S SALOON

£325

Below is the Four-Door Saloon, **£335**
Four-speed gearbox **£7** extra on both models.

THE MODELS IN THE ROVER RANGE.

10/25 H.P.	
TWO-SEATER SPORTS TOURER	£265
FOUR-SEATER SPORTS TOURER	£265
SALOON (Genuine Weymann)	£255
SPORTSMAN'S COUPE (Do.)	£270
LIGHT SIX	
SPORTSMAN'S SALOON	£325
Do., "Regal" Model	£355
FOUR-DOOR SALOON	£335
Do., "Regal" Model	£365

	TWO LITRE METEOR	
TWO-SEATER SPORTS TOURER	£360	£380
FOUR-SEATER SPORTS TOURER	£370	£390
"BRAUNSTON" SALOON	£368	£398
Do., "Regal" Model	£418	£440
SPORTSMAN'S SALOON	£368	£398
Do., "Regal" Model	£410	£440
SPORTSMAN'S COUPE	£368	£398
Do., "Regal" Model	£410	£440
COACHBUILT SALOON	£408	£438
Do., "Regal" Model	£458	£480
LIMOUSINE	£465	£495
Do., "Regal" Model	£515	£537

(Prices quoted are for delivery at Works, Coventry)

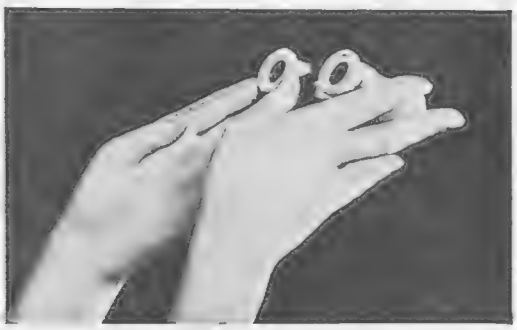
ROVER

THE CAR WITH THE TWO YEARS GUARANTEE

THE ROVER COMPANY LTD.,
METEOR WORKS, COVENTRY

Please write to-day for a Catalogue, and let us know if we may arrange a trial run—without obligation on your part, of course.

FIVE STUDIES OF MISS EVELYN HOPE'S HANDS



Pond's Two Creams will keep your hands lovely on all occasions

SOCIALLY, lovely hands are a priceless possession—yet how to keep them soft, fine, unwrinkled, and lily white? A problem which our Victorian ancestors answered by keeping them idle.

To-day we should think that an avoidance of the problem rather than a solution. We know life to be far too precious to be allowed to slip away like that. Golf, gardening—a thousand and one amusements of the kind will spring at once to your mind; all very good fun, yet all ruinous to the hands.

Then how—but wait. The experience of Miss Evelyn Hope, whose beautiful, expressive hands you see in the photographs, should be interesting.

Pond's Cold Cream is used religiously last thing at night, and first thing in the morning, and occasionally during the day. It sinks into the skin, softening it and smoothing out any lines that may be forming. The dirt which penetrates the pores beyond the reach of soap and water is dissolved and eased to the surface, from which it is removed with *Pond's Cleansing Tissues,* and the skin is left free to develop unhampered by clogged pores. *Pond's Cold Cream* is a perfect skin food, restoring the texture and contours of youth and preventing the skin from becoming dry and harsh.

After removing the cleansing cream, finish with just a touch of *Pond's Vanishing Cream.* It gives the skin a very beautiful, pearly texture, and, used on the face, forms an ideal base for powder. Hands cared for in this way cannot fail to be always at their best.

Pond's Cold Cream, Opal Jars, 5/-. 2/6 and 1/3. Tubes 2/6, 1/- and 6d.
Pond's Cleansing Tissues, per Box, 2/-, 1/3 and 9d.
Pond's Skin Freshener, per Bottle, 5/6, 3/- and 1/-
Pond's Vanishing Cream, Opal Jars, 2/6 and 1/3. Tubes 1/- and 6d.

POND'S

Vanishing and Cold Cream

YOUR HANDS NEED THE CARE AND PROTECTION OF TWO CREAMS

Fashions Fancies

Exclusive BYSTANDER *photograph* *By Lenare*

A DISTINCTIVE SUIT IN BOLDLY STRIPED SILK

As practical as it is smart, this summer suit from H. J. Nicoll, of Regent Street, is expressed in heavy French washing silk. The dress is made to simulate a jumper, the skirt being pleated so that the lime-coloured stripes form a deep hip band. Lime and white flowers adorn the little coat, and the scheme is completed by a scarf of white shantung

SUMMER SALE-ING

By Olive Caley Smith

Many women who appreciate the health-giving properties of sunlight are deterred from sun bathing by the thought of red and blistered skin. This fear is groundless, for Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams have removed the menace. Used before and after exposure, they ensure a delicate tan, while Pond's Skin Freshener braces the skin and prevents all trace of oiliness

There is an old-world air about this charming white chiffon frock from Corot. It is patterned with poppies and cornflowers, and is complemented by a large picture hat of red crinoline

A Thrilling Month

PRIDE of acquisition is a feminine trait, and few are the women who can resist the lure of the sales. A level head, a firm will, and a clear idea of exactly what one needs, and they are a very great boon, especially at a time like the present, when economy is the order of the day. It is so pleasant to feel that one need not forgo lovely things if one but exercises discernment during this month. Some of the tempting offers that are being made are mentioned on this page, but there are thousands more which cannot be included owing to the limitations of space.

Linen for Cool Frocks

LINEN is *the* fashionable summer fabric, for it is made into dresses, coats, hats, bags, and sunshades. Robinson and Cleaver's July Sale, which commenced on the first of this month, presents splendid opportunities to the thrifty, for, owing to the fact that they manufacture their own linens in Ireland, they are able to make some wonderful offers, both in the dress and the household linen departments. A visit to the Linen Hall, Regent Street, will bring to light such other bargains as pure silk stockings reduced from 12*s.* 11*d.* to 7*s.* 6*d.*, and well-cut Shantung silk frocks, with matching coats, for 49*s.* 6*d.*

A Unique Opportunity

DURING the Spring of this year H. J. Nicoll's, of 114-120, Regent Street, had a thorough reorganisation. Stocks were overhauled and rearranged, and considerable extensions were made. Now, during July, great reductions are in force, and, as well as in the general tailoring stock, there are bargains in each of the new departments. Felt or straw hats for 10*s.*, two- and three-piece model suits marked down from 16 and 18 gns. to 12 gns., and tweed or whipcord coats at 42*s.* are among the attractions, while a discount of 15 per cent. is being allowed on all made-to-measure garments.

Eagerly Anticipated

EVERY woman who prides herself on being a good housekeeper sees that her linen cupboard is well stocked, and, since replacements are always necessary, she eagerly awaits the advent of Walpole Bros.' July Sale. At 89, New Bond Street, 108, Kensington High Street, and 175, Sloane Street, there are outstanding bargains in household linens, dresses and lingerie. A Sale catalogue will gladly be sent free on request, and all goods ordered by post will be exchanged, or the money refunded if they do not meet with approval.

Shoes for Every Occasion

VISITORS to London will do well to pay a visit to the Saxone and Sorosis Shoe Company, in Regent Street, for they will be able to effect great economies in their footwear bill if they take advantage of the Annual Festival Sale which is now in progress. There are, for instance, reptile skin shoes, in Court or bar shapes, for only 19*s.* a pair, and for the same price there are combinations of willow and reptile. Or one may obtain evening shoes, made from the finest brocade, for 10*s.* and 15*s.* a pair, and sunshine sandals in various colours, also for 15*s.* The great thing is to shop early, and so avoid disappointment.

An Interesting Innovation

BOND STREET dresses on a debutante's allowance—that is what Corot, of 8, New Bond Street, makes possible, for she has worked out a scheme which enables anybody to obtain an outfit and then to pay for it by instalments, without any extra charge being made. She is responsible for the beautiful garden party dress sketched on this page. Full particulars of this system of payment, together with sketches of new ensembles, will gladly be sent on request.

PLAYER'S
BACHELOR
CORK TIPPED
Cigarettes

10 for 6d 20 for 1/- 50 for 2/6

B A 7.

BY LINDSAY CARLE

A THRILLER!

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

Is the Historical Novel Dead?

By Ralph Straus

PERIODICALLY a once-popular type of book loses its attraction for the public, and dies a more or less natural death. At the moment, for instance, we are witnessing the obsequies of the War book. Only a few months ago it was assailing us daily, yet now—well, I pity the publisher whose Autumn list contains a single example, "masterpiece" though, of course, it will be. The War book is as dead as a door-nail, or diabolo, or the dolorous dodo; in other words, very dead indeed. And I am not at all sure that another type of book is not near to extinction—the historical novel. It will certainly die if we have many more experiments like Mr. Maurice Baring's *Robert Peckham* (Heinemann: 7*s.* 6*d.*), which seems to me to be a wholly unnecessary book.

BUT, you say, what of *Jew Süss* and the Preedy books, and the tremendous Undset saga, whose title I can never remember? Do they not sell in their thousands? Do they not provide the most splendid entertainment? Perhaps they do, but for all that I do not believe that their like will survive very long. Very well, you reply, but what *is* an historical novel? And where, chronologically speaking, are you to draw the line? Is, for example, Miss Sackville-West's admirable study of *The Edwardians* to be so described? I should say very definitely not, for the simple reason that in this book the author is describing life as she actually knew it. An historical novel is merely an imaginative picture of an age that is not its writer's.

AND if I read the times aright, its place will be taken very shortly by the new kind of historical biography: an intimate but not imaginative portrait, or a real drama torn out of the dispiriting text-books and given new life. Take, for instance, Strachey's *Elizabeth and Essex*.

SOME people considered it a rather flashy and cheap mongrel of a book, but I am inclined to think that it is to be the forerunner of a whole library of books destined not only to give a new "twist" to the presentation of history, but to banish for all time such works of fiction as do not attempt to mirror the writer's own age. Who reads Walter Scott these days? (Unless, of course, he is writing his life; a most popular pastime, by the way, just now, when the centenary is almost due.) Who reads Ainsworth or the tiresome G. P. R. James? In our fiction, we want life as we know it.

Vaughan & Freeman

MISS ALICE BUCHAN

The daughter of the well-known historian and novelist, John Buchan. A pageant which she wrote, "Queen Anne," was produced at Oxford last month

THE RANEE OF SARAWAK *Paul Tanquery*

Whose latest novel, "Lost Property," was published at the end of May She is the daughter of Viscount Esher and married the Rajah Sir Charles Brooke, G.C.M.G., in 1911

WHICH brings me back to Mr. Baring's new book. Nobody admires his work more than I do. When he is enjoying an historical joke, as in *Diminutive Dramas*, he is in a class by himself. He can do almost anything he likes, even, I suspect, write a book with a full wineglass perched safely all the while on his head, but this *Robert Peckham*—what is it? A novel? A theological tract? An attempted explanation of the difficulties which the Reformation brought to the Catholics of this country? I confess I am more than a little bewildered.

IT would not be so bad if Peckham's own story held some little excitement, or followed an unusual course, but that is just what it does not do. And Peckham himself has little to recommend him. He marries a worthless woman, when a word would have saved him. He is betrayed by an unpleasant brother. And he goes to live in Rome because an England without the Faith is in his eyes no England at all.

THERE must, of course, have been many Peckhams about at the time in question, but it is difficult to become interested to-day in their problems. Mr. Baring, of course, brings you close to them, but to what precise end? And what a gloomy affair it all is! Beautifully written, of course, but bloodless. Years ago they might have raved over its accurate pictures; to-day those pictures will have as little appeal as a Landseer etching.

THERE is, however, one thing to be said in Mr. Baring's favour. At least he does not make his people talk that intolerable rigmarole which has long passed for "old" English. They do speak a language which seems natural. And this brings me to another historical novel. In *A Wonder for Wise Men* (Ward, Lock: 7*s.* 6*d.*) Mr. Wallace B. Nichols has done his best to steer clear of the bad old ways in this respect, and very nearly succeeded. Yet here, too, one is conscious of a slight aloofness, even though the story itself moves commendably fast.

MOREOVER, Mr. Nichols makes the attempt to bring his picture of the times of Henry VII into some relation with modern life. Very boldly he makes his hero a pacifist, a dreamer who would have an England made great by peace and not by war. He is disillusioned, of course, because his King was not quite the paragon for whom he had

(Continued on page ii)

A beautifully fitted week-end case containing those of Helena Rubinstein's famous beauty preparations which are essential to perfect grooming. The triple compact has a colourful case in a very effective modern design

PREPARE NOW for YOUR SUMMER HOLIDAY

Three Golden Rules

SUMMER brings many joys in its train, but, on the other hand, it all too frequently brings as well the realisation that one's skin is sadly out of condition and that no longer can one face undismayed the full light of day. "Of secrets of beauty there is but one; and a simple one at that," says Helena Rubinstein, the famous beauty specialist; "make your skin work." This is particularly true in the summer, when the pores are apt to become lazy and in sad need of a brisk toning up. Three golden rules there are which every woman must observe if she would own a perfect complexion. The skin must be cleansed and nourished; its activity must be awakened; and the tissues must be toned and braced. For these purposes there is the Valaze Pasteurised Face Cream, which cleanses and revitalises the skin. Valaze Beautifying Skinfood, which is a rejuvenating cream that has a refining and whitening influence. And Valaze Skin Toning Lotion, a beneficial astringent which braces the tissues and corrects or prevents fine lines. In addition there are various preparations which have been evolved after years of scientific research. There is, for instance, the Contour Jelly which tones up relaxed muscles and disperses double chins and puffiness beneath the eyes. And the Cream of Youth, which feeds starved skins and magically smoothes out wrinkles.

Enhancing Personality

THE bronzed look that is so becoming when one is at the seaside is apt to be rather painful to acquire and far from lovely when one returns to town and formal clothes. Helena Rubinstein has therefore created a Gypsy Cream which, lightly rubbed into the skin, produces a smooth and lasting surface without any trace of grease. It gives a clear brown tone to the complexion, and is unaffected by water. With it the fair woman should use a Peaches and Cream powder and a raspberry lipstick, while her dark sister should enlist the aid of Sunburn Powder and a geranium or mandarin lipstick. This question of correct make-up is a very important one, since it is in itself an art, and much useful guidance may be gleaned from an interesting little booklet entitled "Personality Make-up," which will be sent free on request if a postcard is sent to 24, Grafton Street. Naturally, the simplest and most effective way of learning to make the very best of one's appearance is to pay a visit to these salons, where a consultation and expert diagnosis will be made free of charge.

BOOKS AND PEOPLE (*continued from page* i)

hoped, but at least his career is not without its excitements. The book, indeed, is good; it is lively and picturesque; and yet all the while at the back of one's mind is the thought—how much more attractive if this fellow Northiam, who preferred brains to brawn, had been living to-day! That, I admit, is no literary criticism, but it is what I feel.

I MUST mention next the new Colette. *Mitsou* (Gollancz: 6*s*.) is not nearly so naughty as I had been led to believe, though it contains quite a long and detailed bedroom scene, but it is a delicious little trifle, told as only Colette could tell it. Mitsou is a music-hall star. She has her dear friend, whom she has seen every day for the last few years, and is quite content to go on as she is. But there comes a young lieutenant in blue—I forgot to say that it is War-time—and the matter-of-fact little person changes into a very different, though even more lovable, creature. He returns to the front before they have exchanged much more than a few formal words, but letters can work wonders. The lieutenant writes; so does Mitsou; and a very beautiful romance is born. And then he returns.

WHAT follows is told with the greatest delicacy. To Mitsou the romance remains almost perfect, but—to the lieutenant? It is, of course, a very old story—to your lieutenant in blue the dream and the business are so rarely the same—but it maintains its charm. Mitsou has her great moment, and there will never be another that is quite the same. She sends him a last letter—a very memorable letter—and that is all. But you have been told all that it is necessary to know.

BOOKS RECEIVED

SHOP WINDOW MURDERS. Vernon Loder. (Collins: 7s. 6d.)
THE ISLAND. Naomi Royde-Smith. (Constable: 7s. 6d.)
MAGIC SEAS. R. Le Gallienne. (Tomlin: 7s. 6d.)
YELLOW SANDS. A. Eden Phillpotts. (Chapman and Hall: 7s. 6d.)
FIGHTS AND FLIGHTS. Air-Commodore Samson. (Benn: 21s.)
YELLOW MISTLETOE. W. S. Masterman. (Jarrolds: 7s. 6d.)
THE CRYSTAL BEADS MURDER. Annie Hayes. (Bodley Head: 7s. 6d.)
HETTY GREEN. B. Sparkes and Samuel Taylor Moore. (Heinemann: 10s. 6d.)
TONY POTTER. T. J. Morrison. (Murray: 7s. 6d.
BY WAY OF CAPE HORN. A. J. Villiers. (Bles: 21s.)

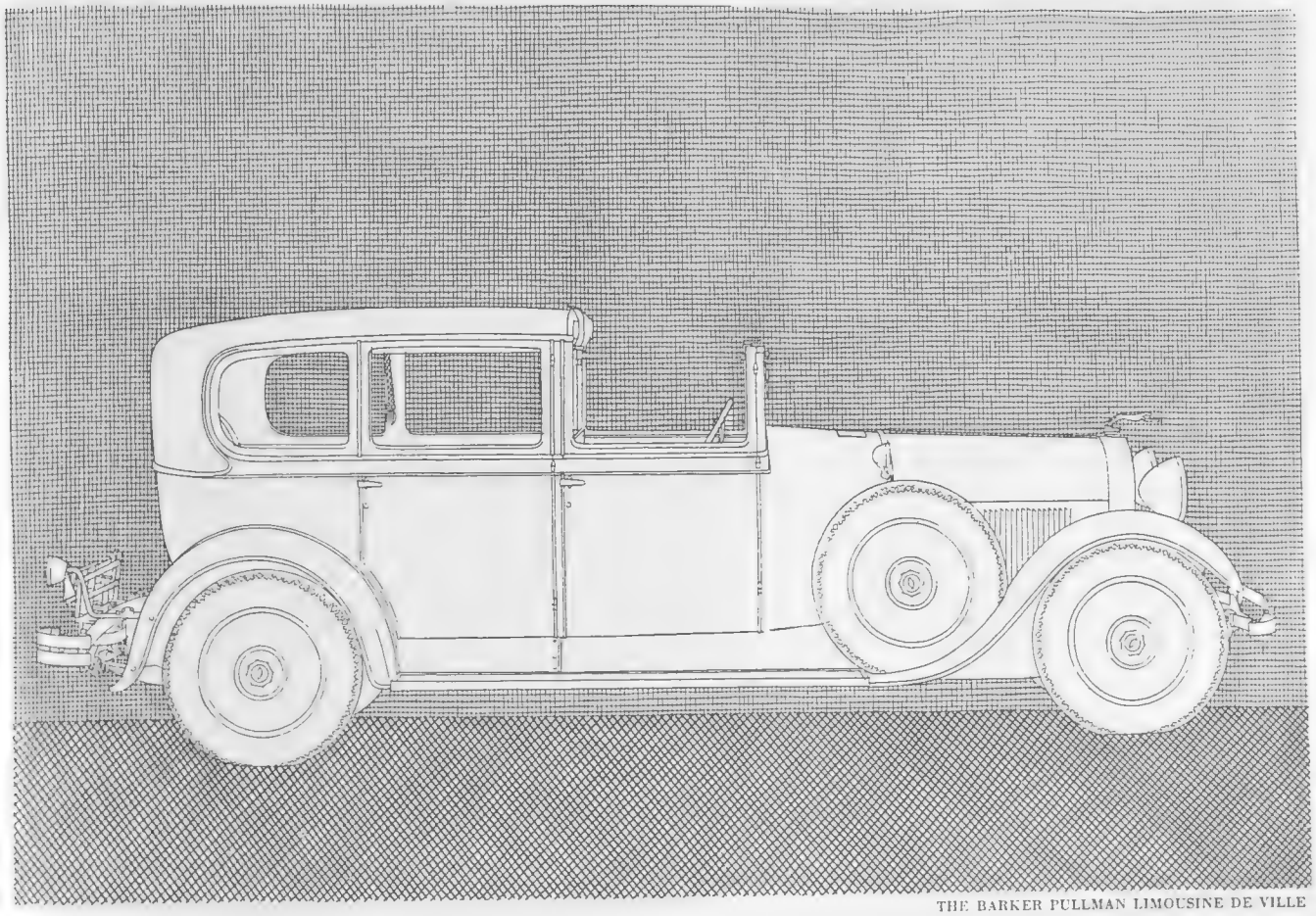
TWO volumes packed full of the strangest adventures may also be mentioned: *Espionage* (Nash and Grayson, 10*s*. 6*d*.), written by a German, H. R. Berndorff, is the exciting record of the work of spies, mostly German, before, during, and after the War. It is not all startlingly new—little remains to be said these days about Mata Hari, or Graves or Lody—but the career of the redoubtable Annemarie, the "Lady Doctor," is almost beyond belief, and I do not remember to have seen her exploits in print before. Incidentally, Mr. Rupert Grayson provides a new kind of preface.

THERE is also *African Drums* (Gollancz: 15*s*.), by Dr. Fred Puleston, which is sufficiently startling. Dr. Puleston looks back to the days more than thirty years ago when he wandered in "Stanley" country, and met cannibals and crocodiles, and other peculiar beasts. He is both lively and outspoken, and I now know exactly how to serve up a missionary at dinner, how crocodiles fight, what witches can do, and how strangely geographical morality is. It is a most unusual book with a queer fascination of its own.

AND if you want a thriller of a rather unconventional kind there is *The Lovable Outlaw* (Heinemann: 7*s*. 6*d*.), by Geoffrey Williamson. Here the scene is India, the hero a Eurasian who is as genial a scoundrel as you could wish to meet, and his adventures well out of the ordinary. One little "affair" follows another, the Indian C.I.D. gets busy, not always with immediate success, and M'Cruz, the Eurasian, whose English is more peculiar than extensive, has the time of his life.

R. S.

LUXURIOUS PERFORMANCE



THE BARKER PULLMAN LIMOUSINE DE VILLE

DIGNITY AND BEAUTY

It is hard to say what most delights that ever growing number of Lincoln owners throughout the world ↓ ↓ Is it the knowledge that in no other product such strict creative standards are observed? ↓ ↓ Is it the feeling of pride that so many gallant craftsmen achieve here a new and unheard of excellence? ↓ ↓ Is it enjoyment of Lincoln's timeless style that never grows old? ↓ ↓ Is it the thrill that comes from Lincoln's complete mastery of all gradients and all distances? ↓ ↓ Or, do Lincoln owners enjoy most the sense of luxury fulfilment that goes even beyond bodily comfort, that attains complete mental confidence and assurance? ↓ ↓ This much is known. The combination of all that is Lincoln, the endless variety of Lincoln enjoyments put together brings a completely new motoring consciousness to Lincoln owners and passengers ↓ ↓ See Lincoln body styles built by Lincoln's own craftsmen — also creations by the leading coach builders of the world, designed to dwell in distinguished harmony with this, as fine a motor car as it is possible to produce. Lincoln Division, Ford Motor Company Limited, 88 Regent Street, London, W.1 ↓ ↓

THE *LINCOLN*

MOTOR NOTES

Mr. Billy Caryll and Miss Hilda Mundy, the popular musical comedy stars. They are seen beside their two-litre Rover Sportsman's Saloon

HANG THE HORSE-POWER TAX!

By E. M. Wright

ON a recent visit to the Humber-Hillman works in Coventry Mr. J. H. Thomas quoted some extremely unflattering statistics showing how miserably small was the total of British motor car sales as compared with those of America. "Get more customers" was the burden of his speech. But, as he very well knows, those customers are only to be found overseas; and it is the artificial restrictions imposed upon makers by the Horse-Power Tax which more than anything else prevents our overseas trade expanding.

***

VIEWED merely as an engineering job, the average British motor car has few rivals. It should command a ready sale abroad; but it does not. Why? Because, despite it has many admirable features, the average British car in the eyes of the average motorist in our Dominions and Colonies suffers from one inexcusable shortcoming—it has not sufficient power. So long as taxation at home here is calculated solely on the bore of the engine cylinders, so long will the British manufacturer, rightly or wrongly, continue to turn out a small-bore type of engine, a type which finds little favour abroad. As Lord Weir once remarked, "the Horse-Power Tax is like charging a man for the whisky he drinks by the size of the decanter he happens to own." Mere pious exhortations to sell more cars abroad are so much waste of breath so long as the ridiculous provisions of the Horse-Power Tax remain the law of the land.

SOME makers, at least, are beginning to realise that cheese-paring in design can be carried too far. When Mr. W. E. Bullock, Managing Director of the Singer Company, put on the market the Singer Light Six he definitely decided against keeping the horse power down to 12 or 14, and took the almost revolutionary step of fixing it at 16 h.p. for a car selling at under £300; nor has he had cause to regret so "rash" a step. The Humber people, with even greater temerity, have definitely ignored the Horse-Power Tax and their "Snipe" model, for instance, is rated at 23.8 h.p. Again, the recently introduced Rover "Meteor," which has a most striking performance, is taxed at £20.

***

THE average owner-driver hates gear-changing. He clamours for an all-top performance. The "overseas" type of engine would seem to be an immediate solution of the trouble. But no. Like a spoilt baby, he insists on British makers trying to reconcile two incompatible ideals—a small cylinder bore and a large reserve of power. The public sees that it gets what it wants. Perhaps I should have said it gets what it *thinks* it wants. Every day I grow more and more convinced that if makers will but take the bull by the horns and offer the public the large-bore engine, the latter will very quickly discover that the Horse-Power Tax is a very much overrated bogy.

SUCH were my thoughts after a recent trial of the Humber "Snipe." It has sometimes been a little difficult, when writing in these Notes of this or that make, to cater for the widely differing viewpoints of readers of THE BYSTANDER, for, as my post-bag tells me, these are to be found in every corner of the globe. The car which I could recommend to motorists at home might stir even the most pious of missionaries abroad to language which a Billingsgate porter would envy.

***

IN speaking of the Humber "Snipe," however, I am faced with no such difficulty. For this car in its standard form combines all the attributes of a "colonial" model with all the refinement demanded by home buyers. Hitherto, makers who have sought to attract overseas buyers have taken an ordinary "home" model, have widened the track a fraction and modified a feature here and there, and have then labelled it a "colonial" model. Not until the Humber "Snipe" appeared did it, apparently, occur to British makers that there was no real reason why a car that was designed for overseas should not be equally suitable for home conditions as well.

HIGH SUMMER IN LAKELAND

The car is the Humber "Snipe" referred to in the accompanying article

***

OF first importance is the makers' complete reversal of ordinary British practice in fitting, as I have already observed, a really powerful six-cylinder engine of no less than 23.8 h.p., which can handle the car like a two-year-old, thus giving it the acceleration of the very best American type. Then, again, there is its price, which has been brought down so low that pound for pound, quite apart from any question of quality offered, this British production can compete on even terms with its keenest foreign rivals. Finally, too, a four-speed gear box with a silent third, which is in very truth an alternative top, is but one of the many other outstanding chassis features which make this car such remarkable value for money at £535 for the standard coach-built five-seater saloon.

Look at it!

What astounding value!

The world is amazed. The Willys Light Six has opened new vistas of motoring pleasure. There is a thrill in every feature of its wonderful performance. Its phenomenal acceleration—speed—road-holding qualities—ease of control—its ability to run all day long, up hill, in traffic—everywhere 'ON TOP.'

To perfectly balance this swift gliding, effortless motion the Internal Bendix Duo Servo Self-Energising Four-wheel Brakes meet every demand—coming instantly into action—bringing the car smoothly, assuredly to rest.

Try it with the least possible delay and revel in motoring's new and most pleasurable thrill.

Invest in the Willys Light Six and possess the greatest value in motordom.

Full Five-seater Saloon **£295** Sliding Roof £10 extra

WILLYS OVERLAND CROSSLEY LIMITED, HEATON CHAPEL, STOCKPORT.
London Showrooms: **151/3 Great Portland Street, W.1.**
Service Department: **111 Lots Road, Chelsea, S.W.10.**
Export Department: **Heaton Chapel, Stockport, England.**
Parisian Showrooms:
144 Avenue des Champs Elysées, Paris, France.

15 h.p. Tax £16.

Pressure lubrication. 12-volt Lucas electrical system. Adjustable steering column. Luvax hydraulic shock absorbers. Chromium plating. Adjustable Front seats, etc.

Willys LIGHT SIX

OTHER MODELS

*Willys Whippet "4"	£198
*Willys Knight 20 h.p. (Sleeve-Valve Six)	£395
Willys Knight 27 h.p. (Sleeve-Valve Six)	£650

*Sliding Roof £10 extra.

C.D.C. N.P.68.

The ideal Sliding Roof

A simple yet extremely effective sliding roof is now available on Triumph Super Seven closed models. It is infinitely adjustable, thereby providing perfect ventilation, and is guaranteed weatherproof under all conditions. Sunshine Roof Saloons from **£187 10s.** Other models from **£162 10s.** or **£45 9s. 6d.** down.

Lucas electric equipment and Dunlop tyres standard.

Write to-day for Catalogue.

TRIUMPH

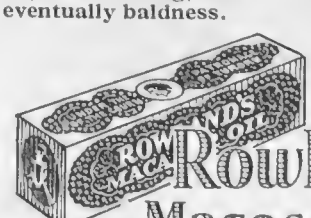
SUPER SEVEN

The Finest Small Car in the World

Triumph Motor Company, Ltd., Coventry. London: 218 Gt. Portland St., W.1 (1st Fl.)

Dry Hair?

It is mostly due to an insufficiency of the natural oil which comes from the roots. A little Rowland's Macassar Oil rubbed well into the scalp daily will soon restore lustre and vigour to the hair and prevent the dryness leading, as it often does, to greyness and eventually baldness.



Of all Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers — 3/6, 7/- and 10/6. Red for dark hair, golden for fair or grey hair.

Rowland's Macassar Oil

JH&Co. RM24

A. ROWLAND & SONS, LTD., 112, Guilford Street, London, W.C.1.

A COLD SCENT

(FOXHOUND)

Bronze by IVESTER LLOYD

Price £6 . 6 . 0

That intimate knowledge of hounds for which Mr. IVESTER LLOYD is distinguished amongst modern sporting artists is well shown by the close observation and study of hound work revealed in this interesting and lifelike piece.

The figure stands 3½ inches high at the shoulder and is mounted on a marble base measuring 4 inches by 3 inches. The statuette is solely obtainable from The Sporting Gallery, where an example, as illustrated above, may be seen. Orders will be executed in trict rotation

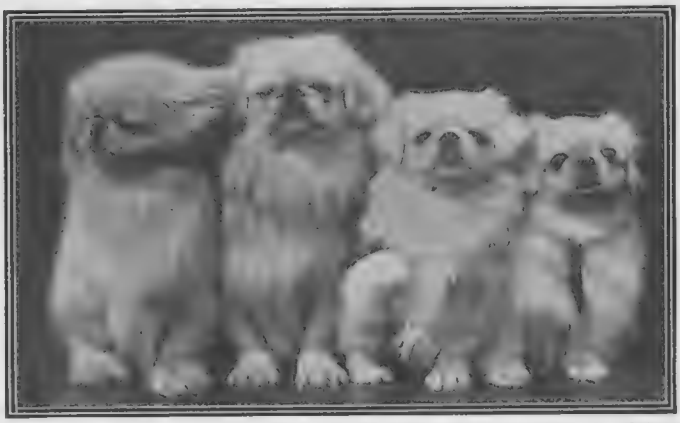
THE SPORTING GALLERY,
32, King Street, Covent Garden, LONDON, W.C.2

DOGS

SPORTING LITTLE FELLOWS By "The Kennelman"

THAT ruffling little canine gallant, the Pekingese, is much to the fore this week, for he has Shows all to himself at Regent's Park to-day, Wednesday, and again to-morrow—this one staged by the Pekin Palace Dog Association—at Ranelagh. Yet another all-Pekingese Show is due at Tonbridge on the 16th.

IN points and type this ancient and aristocratic breed has made wonderful all-round progress since the days of the Boxer Rebellion, when it was first introduced to England, and thence to the Occidental world generally. Unlike so many varieties that have achieved great vogues, changes of fashion have never weakened the hold of the Pekingese, and however much the statistics fluctuate among other small breeds the "Peke's" supremacy remains undiminished. His undeniable good looks, quaintness, and princely fearlessness established his vogue; but its apparent permanence is largely due to another factor, and that is the British development of his character and habits. He came to us with a two-thousand-year tradition of palace pampering behind him, and reached us at the very moment when our old official designation of "Toys" for a number of the smaller breeds was, in fact, for many of them, ceasing to be applicable. (For these breeds it is now an outworn and libellous anachronism.)



L.N.A.

Four white Pekes on show. They are owned by Mrs. Goad

IN this country the habits and standards of taste which tolerated the pampering of so-called "lap-dogs" began, happily, to become démodé with the departure of bustles and antimacassars. Some silly sentimentalists we shall doubtless always have with us; but never since Mr. Kipling first came to Town has the lackadaisical been held admirable. Of late years many of the still absurdly so-called "Toys" have become genuine little sportsmen. So far as their association with our Dogs is concerned cushions and adiposity, bloating and breathlessness are now recognised marks of stupid vulgarity, generally and properly condemned and rarely seen. The Dogs themselves have keenly welcomed this form of progress, none more so than the gallant little Pekingese, who now, for the most part, are active as Terriers, keen on outdoor adventure, and game little sportsmen all round. In character they have developed accordingly, and that is why their vogue shows no sign of waning. Ceasing altogether to be gigolos, they have discovered the countryside and become jolly companions for all and sundry in Britain. To see them bossing Hounds and leading other big fellows into hedgerow mischief is one of the delights of many Dog-keepers. More power to 'em!

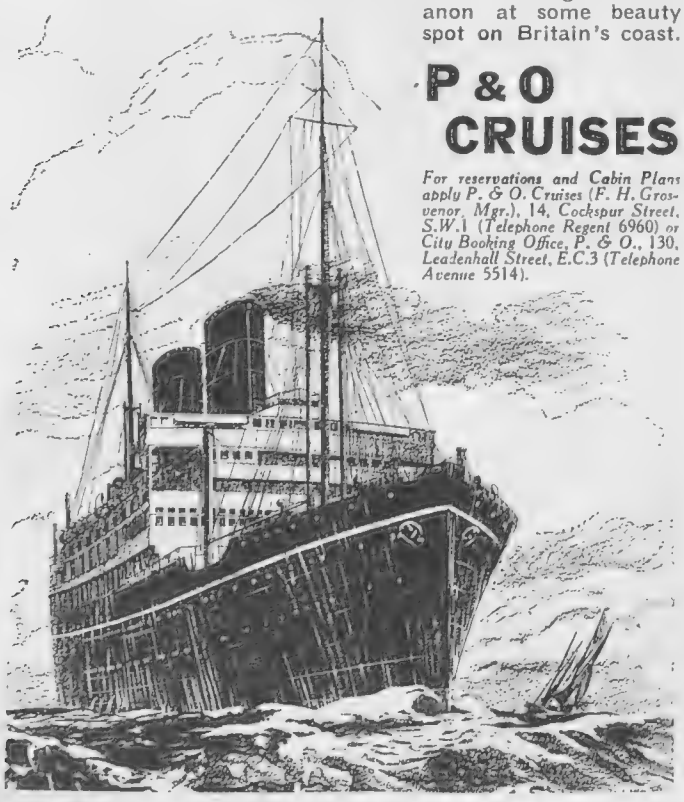
TWO other keen little fellows and active sportsmen are to have Shows of their own next week, both on the 9th: Cairn Terriers in Bloomsbury and Schipperkes—the dandy little Dutchmen—in Knightsbridge. And don't on any account forget that annual picnic, the Richmond Dog Show in the Old Deer Park on the 8th; always a smart and cheery function, in charming surroundings, and a gathering place for doggy visitors from overseas.

REST, Sea and Sunshine

SAILING JULY 26
FARES FROM 24 GUINEAS

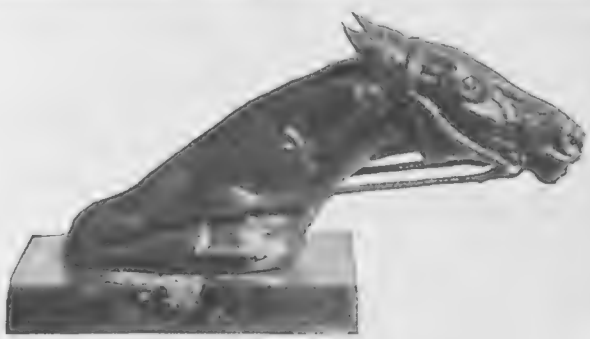
The P. & O. VICEROY OF INDIA, 19,700 tons, "the most beautiful ship in the world," sails July 26 from Southampton on a 13-days' cruise around the British Isles.

Restful days on sunny summer seas as the vessel slips through the clear, salt foam, with a landing ever and anon at some beauty spot on Britain's coast.



P & O CRUISES

For reservations and Cabin Plans apply P. & O. Cruises (F. H. Grosvenor, Mgr.), 14, Cockspur Street, S.W.1 (Telephone Regent 6960) or City Booking Office, P. & O., 130, Leadenhall Street, E.C.3 (Telephone Avenue 5514).



RACEHORSE

BRONZE BY IVESTER LLOYD

Price £4 · 4 · 0

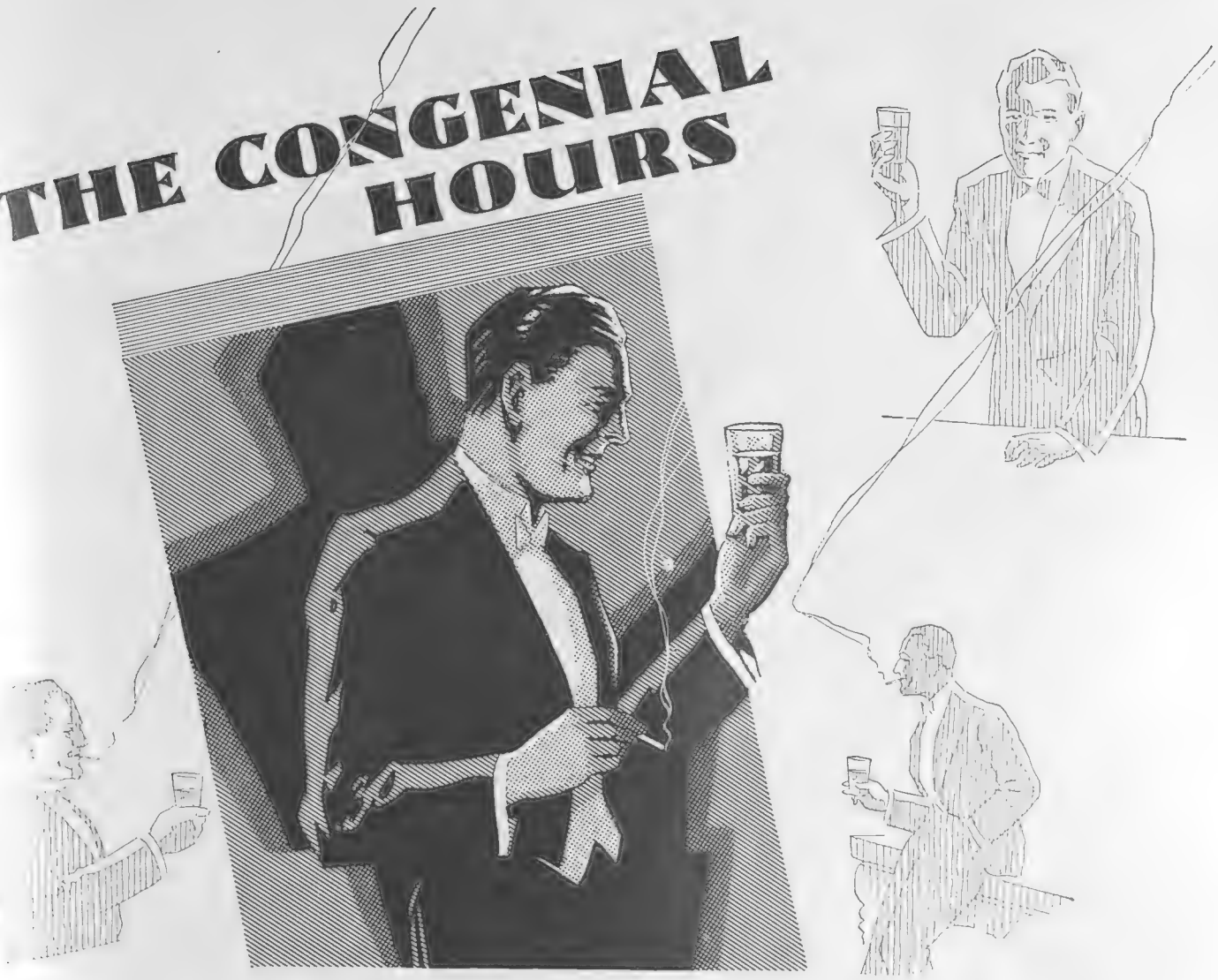
All racing men and women will appreciate the fire and dash in the forward-reaching stretch of the mettlesome head. Whether in bronze, mounted on a marble base as illustrated above, or in brass, silver-plated, adapted for mounting as a mascot on the radiator cap of a car, this is a piece which every lover of a gallant horse must wish to possess.

The head is 2¼ ins. high at the forehead, and is mounted on a marble slab measuring 3¼ ins. by 1¾ ins.

Obtainable solely from The Sporting Gallery, where examples in the form illustrated, and also as adapted for car mascot purposes, can be seen. Orders will be executed in strict rotation.

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
32, King Street, Covent Garden, LONDON, W.C.2

THE CONGENIAL HOURS



In the congenial hours, shared with congenial company, Schweppes Soda Water is the irreproachable standard of hospitality for people of cultured taste. Its purity is guaranteed, its quality is famous, and its sparkling liveliness imparts to any suitable refreshment the last touch of character and perfection.

"Schweppe"

THE ORIGINAL

SODA WATER

Also order SCHWEPPES CIDER—GINGER ALE—GINGER BEER—TONIC WATER—LEMON SQUASH—ORANGE SQUASH—ETC

THE GOURMET — Conducted by EMILIA

A Cold Luncheon

HORS D'ŒUVRES.
(BONNES BOUCHES DE CREVETTES)

SAUMON EN GELÉE.

SALADE DE CANETON.

GÂTEAU À LA PARISIENNE.

CAFÉ.

Hors d'Œuvres (Bonnes Bouches de Crevettes)

PREPARE some fried croûtons and spread on each some anchovy paste and a prawn (a large one, shelled). Then sprinkle with paprika, place in the centre a stoned olive filled with anchovy butter, and on the top place a caper. Serve cold garnished with cress.

Saumon en Gelée

BOIL the middle cut of a salmon and, when done, drain carefully, so as to keep it whole. When thoroughly drained, let it get quite cold, then brush the fish over with liquid aspic jelly, repeating it three or four times, and letting each coating set before applying another. Place the salmon on a dish, decorate the top with small shapes of the aspic jelly, and garnish the dish with slices of cucumber and lemon, and the remains of the jelly chopped and piled in small heaps.

Salade de Caneton

CUT the meat from a duck into small pieces; wash and clean a lettuce and break it up; mix both and put in a basin, season with pepper and salt, pour over one tablespoonful of French vinegar and two tablespoonfuls of oil, and let it stand for a while. Cut two thin slices of orange into quarters. Line a salad bowl with lettuce, put in the orange, moisten with a little mayonnaise sauce, then add the mixture above mentioned, cover with a thin layer of mayonnaise, and sprinkle over with chopped parsley and chives.

Gâteau à la Parisienne

TAKE a fluted or melon-shaped sponge cake; scoop out the inside after cutting off a slice at the bottom, and fill up the vacant place with any kind of fruit purée; put the slice on to keep the purée in; glaze all over with mocha or coffee icing, and ornament, before the icing has quite set, with little silver balls, pistachio kernels and dried cherries. Dish it up with whipped cream all round the base and shredded pistachios sprinkled over.

WHERE to DINE and DANCE

Name of Restaurant.	*Maître d'Hôtel.*	*Extension.*	*Entertainment.*
AMBASSADORS CLUB	Carlo Bussetti	Thursday	Dance-Cabaret
ANGLAIS, CAFÉ	Borgo	Thursday	Dance-Cabaret
BERKELEY HOTEL	Ferraro	Wednesday	Dance-Cabaret
CARLTON HOTEL	Pratesi	Thursday	Dance-Cabaret
CIRO'S CLUB	Ferraro	Wednesday	Dance-Cabaret
CLARIDGE'S HOTEL	Charles	Wednesday	Dance (Sunday, Cabaret)
GROSVENOR HOUSE	Charles	Thursday	Dance-Cabaret
KETTNER'S	Vivari	Thursday	Rex Evans—Dancing
KIT-CAT RESTAURANT	Stocco	Thursday	Dance-Cabaret
MAY FAIR HOTEL	Charles	Wednesday	Dance-Cabaret
PARIS, CAFÉ DE	Conti	Wednesday	Dance-Cabaret
PICCADILLY HOTEL (LOUIS XIV)	Vairo	Thursday	Dance-Cabaret
QUAGLINO, CHEZ	Quaglino	Wednesday	Dance
SAVOY HOTEL	Santarelli	Thursday	Dance-Cabaret
SPLENDIDE HOTEL	Bologna	Wednesday	Dance-Cabaret

BRAEMAR
FIFE ARMS HOTEL
First Class Family Hotel.
Patronised by Royalty and the Court.
SITUATED AMIDST SCOTLAND'S GRANDEST SCENERY.
EVERY COMFORT. PERFECT SERVICE.
Fully equipped with every modern convenience.
'Phone 14. *Proprietor:* John Taylor.

GOLF
Sports Coat and Plus Fours from 5 Guineas To Order.

Patterns and Self-measurement Forms on application.
FREDK. POOLE & CO.
New Address: 20, REGENT ARCADE
Tel. Regent 3104. (Near Oxford Circus).
Formerly of 219, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

Advt. of The General Electric Co., Ltd., Magnet House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.
Goddard's Plate Powder
Sold everywhere 6d. 1- 2- & 4-
J. Goddard & Sons, Station St., Leicester

OBESITY
THYROID GLAND ANTI-FAT PILLS
quickly remove all superfluous adipose tissue accumulated in the cells of the system, bringing stout men or women to their normal weight, at the same time giving vigour, new life, vitality, strength and nerve force. This standardised treatment, double strength (sufficient for 60 weeks) sent on receipt of 10/- post free. Only obtainable from
MARTIN, Herbalist 10, WELFORD RD. LEICESTER
BOX 89

SONG POEMS WANTED.
Successful composer invites known and unknown authors to submit Lyrics for prompt consideration. Send MSS. and stamp "Composer" (552), c/o Ray's Advt. Agency, Cecil Court, London, W.C.2.

Why go Grey?
HINDES' HAIR TINT

tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired—brown, dark-brown, light-brown, or black. It is permanent and washable, has no grease and does not burn the hair. It is used by over a million people. Medical Certificate accompanies each bottle. Of all Chemists, Stores, and Hairdressers.
2/6 or direct—
HINDES, Ltd., 60 Parker Street, Kingsway, London.

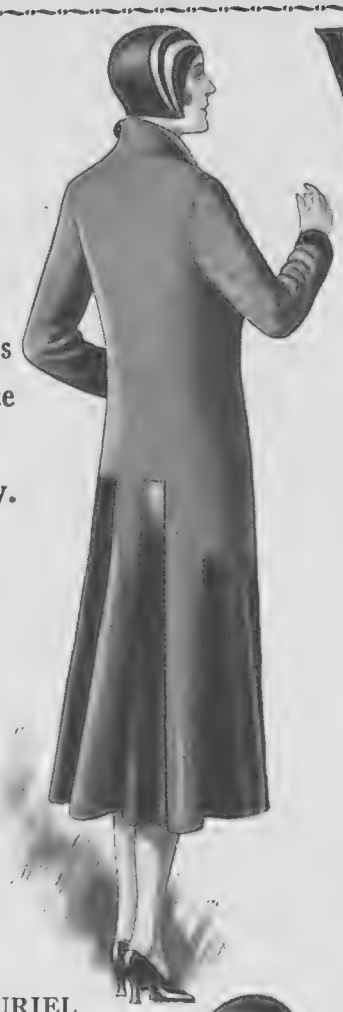
WOOLLANDS
KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1

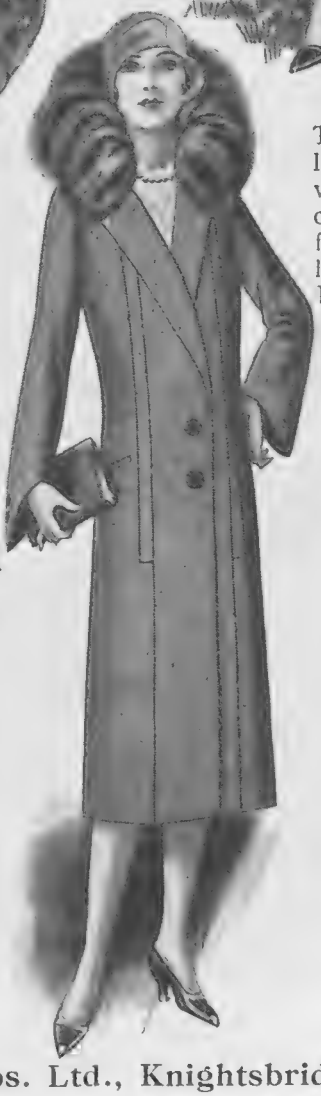
Quality Sale

Amazing Price Reductions in Highest Quality Attire for the Gentlewoman.

Remnants half price on Thursday.

Book of Bargains Post Free on Application.





MURIEL

Decidedly attractive **Coat,** fashioned in sultane silk, the inlets are of the reversed side, and lend a slimming line to the matronly figure, lined throughout. Black only. Sizes, W., and O.S.

Sale Price 5 Gns.

AUDREY

The correct **Coat** for large figures, in light wool georgette, becomingly finished with folds of self material, lined throughout. Black and navy. Sizes, O.S., X.O.S., and X.X.O.S.

Sale Price 98/6

MARION

A practical **Coat** for early autumn wear, in fine quality face cloth, the large collar is of good quality skunk. Black only, lined throughout. Sizes, O.S. and X.O.S. Usual Price 10½ gns.

Sale Price

£6 : 19 : 6

VIVIAN

Extra large size **Coat,** in good quality mole. The skins are cleverly worked to give length to the full figure. Sizes, O.S., X.O.S., and X.X.O.S. Usual Price 25 gns.

Sale Price 19½ Gns.

Similar designs in the finest Scotch moles. Usual Price 39 gns.

Sale Price 29 Gns.

JARROW

For medium and large figures only. The perfect **Tweed Coat,** correctly designed for giving the slender line to large figures; in good durable tweeds of pretty designs and colourings. The large handsome collar is of good quality squirrel to tone or contrast, lined throughout. Usual Price 12½ Gns.

Sale Price 8½ Gns.

You may park your car behind Woolland Bros. Ltd., Knightsbridge, S.W.1

You'll never Know until you've Seen

BRITANNIA and EVE

Maybe your impression of a magazine is governed by what magazines used to be . . . Not so to-day. When you travel, when you want "something to read," at home, by the sea, just you get the July issue of BRITANNIA & EVE. You'll be astounded at the volume of its contents and beautiful production, for one shilling, but most of all we think you will be impressed by its harmony with the fiction, the affairs and the thought of this modern-day world.

The door opened suddenly, and a tall, thin, dissipated young man, with a bladder-of-lard face, strolled in, in a purple and silver brocade dressing-gown, dangling in one beautiful, pale hand a homely hot-water bottle.

"Bobs Burleigh!" said Martin Mulholland quickly. "And *not* delivered in a plain van," he added, grinning.

The pretty person on the divan sat up swiftly.

"Get out, Bobs," she snapped.

The immensely tall weed, who had a certain grace, perched himself deliberately on the corner of yet another divan, puffed and swollen with cushions. He swung the hot-water bottle negligently from one finger.

"Why should I? I'm her husband, aren't I?"

"Yes, aren't you," said Martin Mulholland brightly.

He didn't dare look at Avis. Avis didn't dare look at him. It was obvious to each of them that the other was re-thinking. They continued to smile amiably and negligently almost identical smiles reproduced in a cousinly way on a white face and a brown face.

Avis said suddenly, casually, softly, like a consultant with a mental case, nodding casually towards the lovely doll on the sofa, "And what did it cost you originally?"

He looked at Bobs Burleigh.

"Four thousand pounds. Every bean I had in the world."

In "DEAR THINGS ARE EXPENSIVE" by Christine Jope-Slade.

"NIGHT LIFE THE WORLD OVER," by Lady Drummond Hay.
"THE CAPTAIN HAD A DAUGHTER," by Beatrice Grimshaw.
"ROYAL ROMANCES," by Evelyn Graham.
"THE HAZARD," by Jeffery Farnol.
"WHY I HATE PROVERBS," by Beverley Nichols.
"CLEVER WOMEN AND SOLDIERS," by Storm Jameson.
"OBERAMMERGAU . . . AND AFTER," by Hannen Swaffer.
"FAMOUS WOMEN OF HISTORY." The story of HONORIA.
"JAMES LAMP," by E. F. Benson.
"WRITING ONE'S WAY ROUND EUROPE," by Ferdinand Tuohy.
"DEAR THINGS ARE EXPENSIVE," by Christine Jope-Slade.
"TIGER SNAKE," by Rex Beach.
"IN TIME OF TROUBLE," by Diana Bourbon.
"GOOD TASTE AND BAD," by Harold Nicolson.
"STABLE INTO STUDIO," by Humphrey Joel and Peggy Fremantle.
"TUPPENCE COLOURED," by Sydney Tremayne.
"UNDISCOVERED RUSSIA AND OVEREXPLORED AMERICA," by Arnold Palmer.
"IDOL," by Barbara Hedworth.
WINDOW SHOPPING
THE WEEK-END WARDROBE.
SIMPLE FROCKS FOR HOLIDAY TIME.
FASHIONS FOR THE YOUNGER GENERATION.
FASHIONABLE FOOTPRINTS.
"MADAM WILL YOU BATHE?" by Mary Graham.
"LAST MINUTE HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS," Madge Garland.
ABOUT NECK-WEAR, BAGS AND BELTS.
FOR THE MODERN SUN WORSHIPPER.
SUMMER ENSEMBLES.
"SUMMER USES FOR ELECTRICITY," by Michael Egan.
"EMERGENCY MENUS," by Catherine Ives.
And 15 more articles of unusual interest.

All in the July Issue—Now on Sale

STOCKTAKING SALE COMMENCES MONDAY, JULY 7th, AND CONTINUES FOR TWELVE DAYS.

RICH FURS HALF PRICE

SMART FUR COATS in natural brown musquash, beige-dyed American broadtail, natural foal-skin, etc., of which sketch in Persian paw and skunk is an example.
Original Prices 49 to 59 gns.
Sale Price **29** Gns.

WONDERFUL VALUE IN WASHING PURE SILK CREPE DE CHINE HAND-MADE NIGHTDRESSES, trimmed lace. In pink, coral, lemon, parchment, and ivory, also plain style embroidered in front.
Sale Price **29/6**

FUR-TRIMMED TWEED HOLIDAY COATS, made from Scotch and Shetland tweeds, stitched belt and pockets, finished collar of kid paw, lined throughout. In various colours and three sizes.
Sale Price **£5 18 6**

DELIGHTFUL TEA GOWNS various styles and colours, made from rich quality materials, of which sketch in lace with dull finish over georgette, worn with lace coatee, is an example.
Sale Price **7½ Gns.**

DAINTY AFTERNOON AND EVENING GOWNS, different styles and colours, made from good quality materials, of which sketch in floral chiffon is an example.
Sale Price **98/6**

Sale Catalogue Post Free.

REMNANT DAYS FRIDAYS and SATURDAYS

USEFUL SLIP to wear with sports and summer frocks, in white Japanese silk, skirt with double material to hip-line, bodice trimmed hand veining. Lengths from shoulder 40 to 45 inches.
Sale Price **21/9**

SLEEVELESS SATIN BEAUTE BLOUSE, finished machine stitching, kilted jabot in front, small hand-worked monogram. In beige, ivory, pink, oyster and black.
Sale Price **37/6**
Also with long sleeves, **45/9.**

SMART COAT for little girls in good quality velour cloth, facing and scarf in contrasting tone. In deep blue/saxe, or buff/green.
Original Prices **84/-** to **99/6.**
Sale Price **59/6**
CAP to match, **18/9.**

WOOLLEN COATS, various styles and colours, of which sketch with stand-up collar in an attractive Jacquard design is an example.
Original Price **52/6.**
Sale Price **39/6**

YOUNG LADIES' KNITTED THREE-PIECE SUITS in pure wool yarn, striped contrasting shades, various styles and colours, of which sketch is an example. For ages 11 to 17 years.
Original Prices **60/-** to **5 gns.**
Sale Price **49/6**

DEBENHAM & FREEBODY
(DEBENHAMS LTD.)
WIGMORE STREET and WELBECK STREET, LONDON, W.1.

PORTRAIT of the FOUNDERS of The ANTI-ADVERTISING LEAGUE (1930)

"No member shall buy, use, nor in any way derive benefit from any article or service that, directly or indirectly, is contaminated by advertising."

ADVERTISING LEADS YOU TO THE GOOD THINGS OF LIFE

HAND-LUGGAGE IN THE MODERN VOGUE—

A NEW LIGHT-WEIGHT HAND-TOUROBE CASE

This latest example of hand-luggage on the wardrobe principle offers practically the same accommodation as a wardrobe trunk at a fraction of the weight and bulk. This type of hand-luggage is revolutionising all the old ideas, and is rapidly growing in popularity.

29" – £5 : 12 : 6
Suitable for average requirements.

32" – £6 : 0 : 0
Particularly convenient for tall persons.

DEBENHAM & FREEBODY'S
(Debenhams Ltd.)
Distinctive Luggage Department
70-71 WELBECK STREET, LONDON, W.1.

Second week of Vickery's Sale

THE RAREST FURS ARE NOW REDUCED

Here is one of the many delightful bargains in Vickery's Summer Sale — a model coat of silky Black Ponyskin, light as a feather, supple as a Paris fabric, while the rich Sable Squirrel at the neck and wrists lends an air of sumptuous elegance. Like all the lovely furs in the sale its cost is very nearly halved! Reduced from 59 gns.

SALE PRICE 39 GUINEAS

VICKERY
235 REGENT ST LONDON W1

UNIVERSAL HAIR Co.
Established 1895.
West End Branch:
1, BERNERS ST., OXFORD ST., W.1.
TRANSFORMATIONS, TOUPETS, ETC., AT MODERATE PRICES.

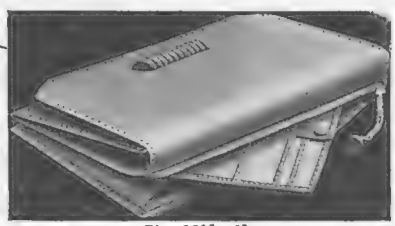
EVERY DESCRIPTION OF ORNAMENTAL HAIRWORK UNDERTAKEN AND CAREFULLY AND PROMPTLY EXECUTED.
SPECIAL SHADES EXTRA.
Switches of Pure Human Hair.

16 in. ..	5/9	22 in. ..	15/9
18 in. ..	8/9	24 in. ..	22/9
20 in. ..	11/9	26 in. ..	26/9
28 in. ..	37/9		

FOR
GOODS ON APPROVAL
SEE OUR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

Address Manageress:
80-84, Foxberry Road,
BROCKLEY, S.E.4.

"MENLO"
A MOROCCO POCHETTE
BRITISH MADE



Size 10½" × 6"

Finest Morocco Pochette, lined silk moiré throughout. Fitted large mirror on ribbon, framed purse, and silk note case. Motif is covered with leather to match bag. The back safety-pocket fastens with a British Lightning fastener.

In all latest fashion shades

30/-

HANDBAGS OF DISTINCTION
Shillacraft
FOR THOSE WHO LOVE NICE THINGS

Stocked everywhere. If any difficulty in obtaining we will send you name of nearest stockist of "Shillacraft" bags. Write W. SHILLAKER & CO., LTD., 8-10, Half Moon Passage, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.1.

STRATHSPEY
SCOTLAND
THE 700 feet above sea level.
AVIEMORE HOTEL
INVERNESS-SHIRE

Standing high above the River Spey with a wonderful view of Rothiemurchus Pine Forest and the Cairngorms, the chief heights of the Grampian Mountains. In the centre of a district rich with invigorating, pine laden air. A charming resort in Spring and Summer, and an ideal touring centre for the Scottish Highlands. One of the best and most completely equipped Hotels in Scotland.

100 BEDROOMS.
PRIVATE NINE-HOLE GOLF COURSE.
HARD TENNIS COURTS. CROQUET LAWNS.

Situated on the main reconstructed North Road to Inverness. Distance from Edinburgh 149 miles and from Glasgow 140 miles. Leave Euston 7.30 p.m.—arrive Aviemore 8.43 a.m. without change.

Apply for Booklet and Particulars to C. Harrison, Manager.

SMEE'S
Est. 1907. 'Phone: Mayfair 1543.

Spécialité:
£6.6.0
Costumes and Coats.

LADIES! You will be wanting a *Tailor-made* Suit or Coat for Town or Country. Call and get it cut and fitted for you *personally*. Don't fail to have a "SMEE'S." Known all over the *world*. Place your order early and get the best attention.

Astride Coat and Breeches, £9.9.0

All the latest novelties for the season

If unable to call, send for my S.M. Form with patterns. State wants and Mr. Smee will personally attend to it. You will have very satisfaction—as others have testified.

Only Address:—
55, SOUTH MOLTON ST., W.1.

AMUSEMENTS

COLISEUM. (Charing Cross.) ('Phone: Tem. 3161.)
3 TIMES DAILY at 2.15—5.15—8.15. WEEK COMMENCING JUNE 30.
TOTO & CO.; NONI & HORACE; 1930 ROYAL ACADEMY PICTURES AS TABLEAUX VIVANTS; SYBIL SCANES; WALTER McNALLY; THE USHERS; NONI & HIS GOLDEN SERENADERS, etc.

REGAL Marble Arch
Padd. 9911
AN "ALL TALKING" PROGRAMME
"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"
Remarque's Immortal Masterpiece.
ALHAMBRA
LEICESTER SQUARE

HOTELS

SUNNY ST. LEONARDS
ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL
Many of our visitors come several times every year. Motor down to lunch one day. You will find the Hotel, for all its hundred years, fitted with every modern luxury —a truly comfortable place to stay at. Electric lift, central heating, garage, famous chef. Write for illustrated booklet.
Inclusive terms from 4½ Guineas.

OPEN FROM JULY 12th TO SEPTEMBER 15th.
OCEAN HOTEL
SANDOWN, I. of W.
Best Hotel. Best Position. Best Orchestra.
Max Chappell's Band, under the direction of Al. Rose, late of the Kit-Cat and Piccadilly Hotel, London, W.
Dances under direction of Mr. and Mrs. Alec Mackenzie of London, New York and Monte Carlo.
Bathing from Hotel. Lift. Fully Licensed.
EXCELLENT CUISINE.
'Phone: Sandown 20 *Telegrams: Ocean, Sandown, Wight.*

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

BIARRITZ. HOTEL REGINA & DU GOLF
THE ONLY FIRST-CLASS FAMILY HOTEL OVERLOOKING GOLF AND SEA. SPECIAL WINTER TERMS.
M. CURVEUR, Manager.

BOULOGNE-sur-MER.
MEURICE. Central Situation. All Comfort. Restaurant.

ST. CAST (Near DINARD). Regular Motor-bus Service with Dinard.
HOTEL ROYAL BELLEVUE.
On the Beach. Modern Comfort. 125 rooms. 50 baths. 18-hole Golf. Tennis. Fine Water-toboggan. Low season terms from Fr. 50, and high season Fr. 75. (Open 6th June.)

COQ-sur-MER. Astoria Hotel
Close to the links. Absolutely the latest comfort. 40 bath-rooms.

BELGIUM
COQ-sur-MER. THE GRAND HOTEL
(Near Ostend)
Nearest the Links, 18 Holes. Free Bathing. 12 Tennis Courts. Galas. Prospectus. Reserve your Apartments for July and August.
Prop.: D. DEMEULENAERE.

KNOCKE-ZOUTE — THE LINKS HOTEL
LEADING—PALATIAL COMFORT.
TERMS: April, May, June from 12/6 per day inclusive. HIGH SEASON, 14/- per day inclusive. OPEN EASTER TO OCTOBER.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS—continued.

BELGIUM.

Antwerp. — **Grand Hotel de Londres,** 58, Avenue de Keyser. The most modern and the best clientele.

Blankenberghe.—**Hôtel Excelsior.** Leading—most up to date. Golf. Tennis. Dancing.

Heyst-on-Sea.—**Le Grand Hotel Casino, Kursaal Palace.**—Best residential place for your holiday.

Ostende.—**Boulevard and Nouvel.** Central. Near Sea. From 10s. incl. All comforts.

Ostend.—**Hôtel Providence Regina.** Sea view. 200 Rooms. American Bar. Restaurant open to non-residents.

FRANCE.

Amiens (Somme).—**Grand Hotel & Restaurant Picardie.**—Entirely new. First-class. A model of comfort. A.A., R.A.C.

Boulogne s/Mer. Gd. Hotel Christol & Bristol. Reputed restaurant. Fcg. sea & port. For tariff apply to Mr. Segalla, Director.

Cannes.—**Hotel des Anglais.** Highest class res. hotel. Right up to date. Renowned cuisine & cellar. Phone ev. rm. V. lge. garden.

Le Touquet.—**Golf Hotel.** Facing the links. 200 Bedrooms. 100 Bathrooms. Private Tennis and Squash Rackets.

Le Touquet (P.d.C.).—**Hotel Regina.**—In Pine forest nr. Casino, five minutes Golf and Sea. No taxes. Apply for Booklet.

Marseilles.—**Grand Hotel de Geneve.**—Restaurant overlooking Vieux Port. Moderate terms. Every comfort.

Pourville-sur-Mer. (nr. Dieppe).—**Hotel Albion.** Unique view with prettiest site. Modern Comfort. Renowned cuisine. Moderate terms. A. Pierre, Prop.

PARIS.

Hotel Lutetia.—The best hotel on the left bank. Every possible comfort. Tea and Dinner Concerts.

Hotel de Noailles, 9, Rue de la Michodière. Near Opéra. Latest comfort. Tel. Adr.: Otelnoail 111—Paris.

Hotel St. Petersbourg.—33/35 Rue Caumartin. Brit. fam. hotel. Every mod. com. Same hotel: Hotel des Balances, Lucerne.

Versailles (S. & O.). For a long stay in Paris live at "**Le Home Versaillais,**" 58, Rue du Maréchal Foch. Cheap, comfortable, quiet.

ITALY.

Naples.—**Parker's Hotel.** The only first-rate hostelry for Eng. Tourists. Beautifully sit. on the Corso Vittorio Emanuelle. Overlooking Bay, Capri, Vesuvius and the City.

SWITZERLAND.

Basle.—**Grand Hotel Victoria-National.** First Class—Renovated. Opposite the Central Station.

Berne.—**Bellevue Palace and Bernerhof.**—The only first-class Hotel overlooking river and Bernese Alps. Manager, F. Eggiman.

Geneva.—**The Beau-Rivage.** Leading Hotel for English and American Clientele. Facing the Lake and Mont Blanc.

Geneva.—**Carlton Hotel.**—Every comfort. Moderate charges. Beautiful park. View over lake and Mt. Blanc. Tennis. Garage. Ideal stay for a holiday.

Geneva.—**Grand Hotel de la Paix,** facing lake, up to date. Now one of the best and nicest Hotels in Switzerland. J. Baehl.

Glion.—**Grand Hotel and Rigi Vaudois.** Situated lge. gdn. park overlooking Lake Geneva. Terms fr. F14.50. Tennis. Garages.

Glion.—**Hotel Victoria.** Set in own beautiful park near fine walks. All comfort. Garages.

Spiez.—**Park Hotel.**—The most up-to-date in Spiez. Situated in own grounds, 8 acres. Pension fr. 12 frs., w. pr. bath fr. 15 frs.

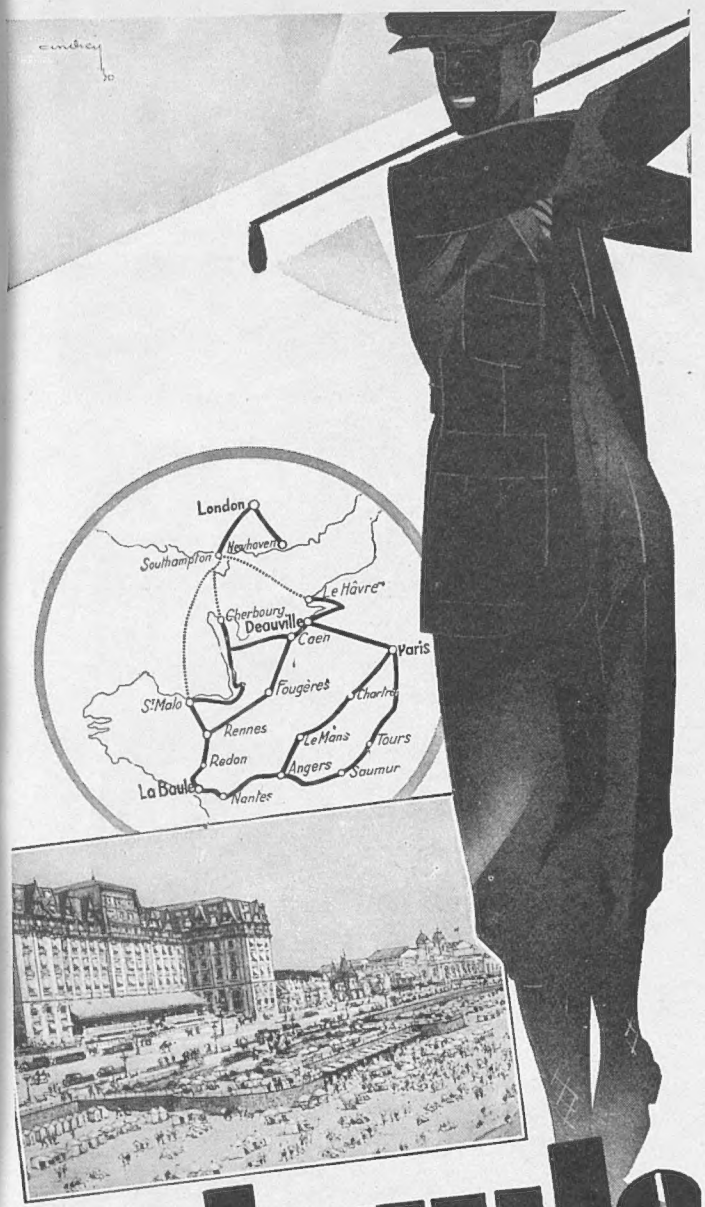
WHEN REPLYING
to advertisements
please mention
THE BYSTANDER
to ensure prompt attention

Cuticura Shaving Stick

Begin enjoying your shave today! What better way to start the day than to shave with **Cuticura Shaving Stick.** It gives you a clean, smooth shave without the slightest irritation and leaves the skin in good condition.

Cuticura Shaving Stick 1s. 3d.
Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d., Talcum 1s. 3d. British Depot: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E. C. 1.

THE CANCER HOSPITAL (Free)
FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3.
The First Special Hospital in London devoted to Cancer Treatment and Research.
AN URGENT APPEAL IS MADE FOR £150,000 for a new Radiological Block and other extensions which will add 80 beds to the Hospital.
AND ALSO FOR RADIUM.
Bankers:—Messrs. COUTTS & CO., 440, STRAND, W.C. J. COURTNEY BUCHANAN, *Secretary.*



la baule

(Brittany)

Easter to October

Sunny Beach. Wonderful Climate
Delightful in spring and Autumn

Theatrical Dramatic season at the **CASINO**
Gala Dinners at the **AMBASSADEURS**
75 Tennis-courts 18-Hole Golf course
International tournaments Championships

For all information apply to: Syndicat d'Initiative, La Baule (Loire-Inférieure) or to Capt. Desmond Barry, Secretary of the Golf Club.

HERMITAGE HOTEL

300 rooms, all with bath and telephone. — Private Beach (with bar)
Overlooking the sea. — New flower gardens lead down to the sea.
Full South.

From LONDON (Waterloo) SOUTHAMPTON to SAINT-MALO, SAINT-MALO to LA BAULE, via RENNES, REDON, LA ROCHE-BERNARD, GUERANDE, LA BAULE.

From SAINT-MALO to LA BAULE 70 miles. Excellent automobile road.
On request to the Hotel Directors, de luxe cars can be sent to the landing stage at Saint-Malo

PARIS (Quai d'Orsay) direct to **LA BAULE.** Four express trains a day, including one Pullman and one sleeping car. Very good automobile road through Chartres, Le Mans, Angers, Nantes, La Baule.

DEAUVILLE to LA BAULE, automobile road, 380 km. by way of Caen. Rennes, Redon, La Roche-Bernard, Guérande, La Baule.

HAVAS

Hairdressing

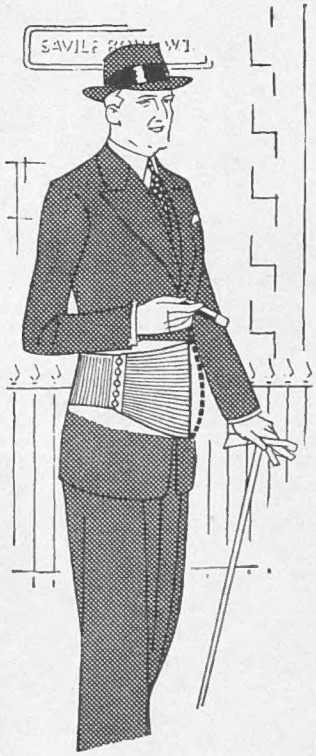
PLEASING styles in Hairdressing to suit every particular type are fashioned by experts at the Phyllis Earle Salons. You can be sure of a delightful setting when entrusting your wishes to Phyllis Earle, and whether you need daytime or evening modes the result will be perfect.

For Hairdressing, Permanent Waving, Facial Massage, Eyebrow Shaping, Manicure, Figure Slimming, Chiropody, Electrolysis and Inecto recoloration of grey hair —visit the Phyllis Earle Salons.

Phyllis Earle Salons

32·DOVER STREET·W·1·
Telephone Regent 7931 (8 Lines)

MEN WHO KNOW HOW TO DRESS WEAR THE LINIA BELT



Do not think disfiguring middle-aged spreads insuperable. They can be overcome with the Linia Belt, which takes control of the figure at once, and gently reduces superfluous flesh by its gentle massaging influence. It braces your abdominal muscles, without restricting their free play, and makes your whole figure finer, firmer, healthier, younger. The support it gives to the abdomen leads doctors to recommend it as a safeguard against rupture. The Linia Belt is made of strong elastic tricot and will fit you with perfect comfort. Invaluable for post-operation wear. May we send you an illustrated booklet?

POST ORDERS.—Write giving exact measurement round girth, and full depth required in front (usually 9 or 10 ins.). We guarantee to fit you perfectly or to refund your money. Price 2½ gns.

Sold only at our special branch for Men's Abdominal Wear.

J. G. ROUSSEL,
173, Regent St., London, W.1

The Linia Belt

Recommended by Doctors.

RELIABILITY
the keynote of IMPERIAL AIRWAYS

THE latest statistics show that Imperial Airways Expresses leaving Croydon maintain an all-the-year-round dependability of over 98 per cent. One of the secrets of this reliability is the system of overhaul and maintenance. Before each flight the great "Silver Wing" air-liners are carefully examined and overhauled by Imperial Airways engineers. You are as sure of reaching your destination comfortably in an Imperial Airways 'plane as if you travelled by Pullman Coach, and much quicker.

Go by

IMPERIAL AIRWAYS

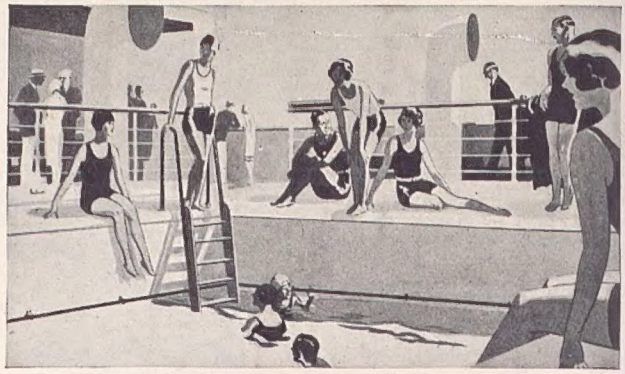
THE ONLY BRITISH AIR LINE

Bookings and information from any Travel Agency, or direct from:—

IMPERIAL AIRWAYS LTD.,
AIRWAYS HOUSE, CHARLES ST., LONDON, S.W.1
Telephone: Regent 7861 (Night & Day)
Telegrams: Impairlim, London.

Be sure your ticket is marked
IMPERIAL AIRWAYS

C.F.H. 40



SUN-BATHING

Take your sun-bath on the deck of an ORIENT LINER with the panoramas of Norway's wonderful scenery unfolding before you.

GET A PROGRAMME OF
ORIENT LINE CRUISES
AND SEE WHAT THEY CAN GIVE YOU

Managers: ANDERSON, GREEN & CO., LTD., 5 Fenchurch Avenue, E.C.3.
West End Offices: 14 Cockspur Street, S.W.1 & No. 1 Australia House, Strand, W.C.2.

GOING AWAY...

The very beginning of a holiday journey is a time of happiness; good humour is king, and anticipation prime minister . . . .

Every holiday maker should remember to include a tablet of Wright's Coal Tar Soap when packing. A wash with Wright's at the journey's end banishes grime and the fatigue of travel, and promotes freshness.

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP
6d. per tablet

COFFEE
and then--

CASTILLON
COGNAC
BRANDY AT ITS VERY BEST

Obtainable in whole and half bottles and in handy flasks from most wine and spirit merchants and principal stores.

C.C.20

75 WINES OF DISTINCTION
SUPERB PORT, SHERRY ETC.

	PER DOZ.
THE CARESS, luscious rich brown Sherry	90/-
VIGNOBLESSE, great age, incomparable flavour. Golden Dessert Sherry	126/-
[illegible] 15, perfection of Light Tawny [illegible] supplied to House of Lords	120/-

[illegible] bottles, carriage paid, 25/- inclusive.

[illegible] WINE HOUSES LTD., [illegible] FORD ST., LONDON, W.
Write for Price List.

The WHISKY with the **BIG** NAME

Product of the largest independent Distillers in Scotland.

MACDONALD & MUIR, *Distillers,* LEITH; *also* Glasgow *and* London.

When replying to advertisements please mention
THE BYSTANDER
to ensure prompt attention.

EXPANDA
CUFF LINKS
IN ROLLED GOLD
2/6-3/6-5/6 PAIR
FROM HARRODS SELFRIDGES AND MEN'S SHOPS
BRITISH MADE

The Fashion Event of the Year
Now in Progress
SALE at NINETTE'S
Model Dresses and Coats at Greatly Reduced Prices

Ninette
69 & 79, Shaftesbury Avenue
32 & 32a, Wardour Street, London, W.1
'Phone: Gerr. 2244 & 8141

Records for a 'sentimental' evening

Rustle of Spring—My Darling Waltz (Marek Weber and His Orche tra) C1630, 4/6

When the white elder-tree blooms—I kiss your hand Madam (Jack Hylton and His Orchestra) C1616, 4/6

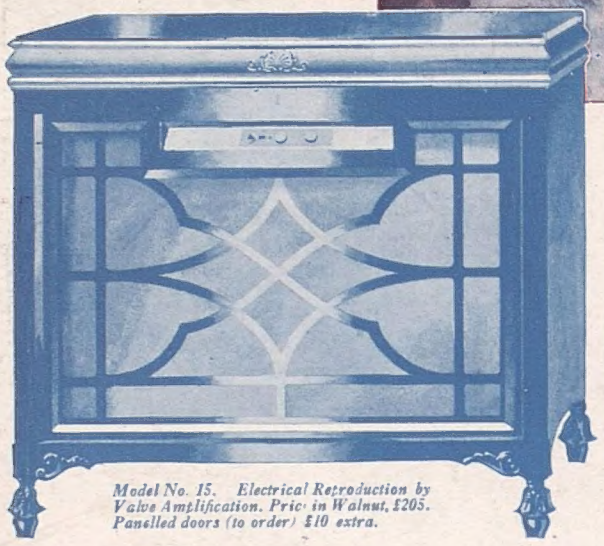
I love you—Romance (De Groot and His Orchestra) B3184, 3/-

Mary, my Mary—If I might only come to you (Derek Oldham) B3046, 3/-

Merry Widow—Vilia — Dear love, my love (Lilian Davies) B3192, 3/-

I love the Moon—Jeunesse (Walter Glynne) B2761, 3/-

Slumber Boat—Perfect Day (National Cavaliers) B3142, 3/-



Model No. 15. Electrical Reproduction by Valve Amplification. Price in Walnut, £205. Panelled doors (to order) £10 extra.

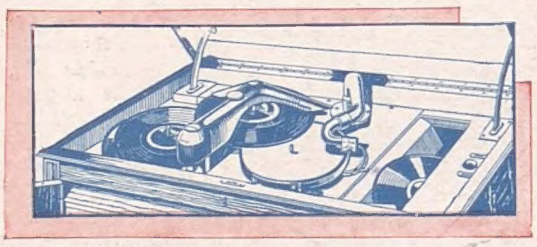


Diagram showing the mechanical "hand" (known as Feed Arm), which lifts a record and moves with it towards the revolving turntable.

Models 12 and 15 are suitable for use with Alternating Current 100-120 or 200-240 volts. 40 to 60 Cycles. For Alternating Current other than the ranges specified, a static transformer is required. For Direct Current a separate converter is necessary. (Prices on application).

"Don't get up—— the gramophone will look after itself!"

However occupied you may be the music goes on . . . . weaving a pattern of glorious sound as a background to your thoughts . . . . nocturne, symphony, opera—whatever your fancy calls for. One record follows another without your lifting a finger to touch it . . . . this automatic instrument is uncanny in its action. All you have to do is to arrange your records, press a button, and forget everything but the music and your thoughts.

The Gramophone will change its own Records

Model No. 15. Plays up to 20 records, 10 or 12-inch, in any pre-arranged order, without attention. Records reproduced by means of a Valve Amplifier and a Moving Coil Loud Speaker. Volume Control. "Distant" Control for starting and stopping. Radio Jack for use with independent wireless set. Price in Walnut, £205. Panelled doors (to order) £10 extra.

Model No. 12. An all-electric Model designed for the smaller home. Will play up to 10 records without attention. Amplifier, Loud Speaker, Volume Control and Radio Jack as in No. 15. Mahogany £155. Walnut £155. Antique Oak £150.

(Prices of Instruments do not apply in the Irish Free State).

"His Master's Voice"

Automatic Gramophones with Valve Amplification

The Gramophone Co., Ltd., London, W 1.

Printed for the Proprietors, ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED, by THE CORNWALL PRESS LTD., 1-6, Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1, and published weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED, at Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. July 2, 1930.
Entered as second class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents: International News Company, New York. Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.